NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND H. HASTI[illegible] EDITORS.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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Portland—Moses Coleman & Chisholm.
Lodgport—B. H. Williams, Water-street.
Nantucket—Charles P. Butler.

PRIZE TALE.

MAY MARTIN:
OR THE MONEY DIGGERS.
A Green Mountain Tale.

BY D. P. THOMPSON, OF MONTPELIER, VT.

(Continued.)

For nearly a week from the interview, just narrated, no choice was made in the presence of May to the dreaded subject of a marriage with Gow; and in the respite thus allowed her she began sufficiently to recover from the stunning effects of her late trials to be disturbed by any fearing anticipations of future evils, while the hope which had led her to think favorably of Ashley, was still cherished by her with fondness and confidence. And this hope, added to the cheering expectation she now daily entertained of receiving a letter from Ashley, imparted a new impulse to her feelings, and was just chiltering the remembrance of her late trials from her mind.—But this happy quiet was not long to continue; and like the deceitful calm of the elements, which often precedes the fearful tempest, soon proved to be but the prelude to new and aggravated sorrows.

'May,' said Mrs Martin one day, as glancing through the window she saw her husband approaching the house in company with Gow; 'May, did Mr Martin bring you any letter yesterday from the village?'

'Any letter!' replied May in surprise; 'bring me a letter! no; did he go to the village yesterday? I knew nothing of it.'

'Yes, he went,' said the other with an affected common place air, 'and I thought likely he might have found a letter for you there by this time—but here he comes himself, and can tell you whether he enquired for one—I'll warrant he did not though, he is such a forgetful creature—my, Mr Martin,' she continued, turning to her husband, as he now entered the room; 'did you enquire at the post office yesterday for a letter for May?'

'There now!' exclaimed Martin with a seeming abashed and self-condemning manner; 'Well, if that don't beat all! I should not blame May for scolding now—for, of all forgetful fellows, I believe I must be the worst—Yes, I did call at the office, and got her a letter, from Ashley, I conclude, and here I have carried it in my pocket ever since!'

'O, how could you!—but where is it—O where is it?' eagerly exclaimed the animated girl, starting up and advancing.

'Here!' replied Martin, pulling out the letter and presenting it; 'here it is; and now we shall see no more of you till that is read and re-read a dozen times over, I suppose.'

As the hungry bird darts upon the luscious grape accidentally revealed to his sight while wandering weary and famished for food, so did May upon the valued prize before her; and scarce was it within her eager grasp before she bore it off, with eyes sparkling with joy and triumph, to another room, there to feast on its anticipated contents which, in fancy, were to thrill her own bosom with delight, and, at the same time, to furnish an ample refutation of the unjust and ungenerous surmises of Martin concerning the fidelity of her beloved Ashley. No sooner was she alone, than with trembling haste she tore open the seal and read in the well known hand of her lover, as she thought, as follows:—

'Miss May Martin,

'Knowing you would expect a letter from me about this time, and considering it a duty to apprise you of some changes relative to myself, I have thought best to write you briefly. On my arrival at my old residence, I there met with one with whom I once had considerable intimacy, which was broken off by a misunderstanding between us, and I supposed the separation to be final.—That misunderstanding is now, however satisfactorily cleared up, and with a renewal of acquaintance, feelings which, when with you, I supposed dead, have revived. I presume you would not wish to marry a man who entertains a preference to another—I think I know you too well to believe you would for a single moment endure the thought of such a union. And therefore it is extremely doubtful whether I return at all to Vermont. I have luckily found a man here who has taken my bad contract in the settlement off my hands. Do not think I shall ever entertain any other feelings towards you than those of sincere friendship and the highest respect.

WILLIAM ASHLEY.'

During the perusal of the first part of this unloverlike epistle, the countenance of May exhibited a surprised and disappointed expression, produced seemingly by the formal and unaccustomed introductory address, as well as not meeting with anything she expected to find. But this expression, as she continued, soon changed into a look of blank bewilderment, like that of one utterly at loss to comprehend the meaning of the writer; and it was not till she reached the concluding line that the painful truth, which the writer, with apparent reluctance, seemed impelled by a sense of duty, to communicate, flashed for the first time across her mind—then it was that the ashy paleness of dismay spread over the quivering muscles of her face; and with a hurried mechanical kind of motion she again commenced reading, trembling more and more violently as she proceeded, till her agitation becoming too great to continue the perusal, she dropped the fatal paper on the table, and, lifting up her hands with a look of utter hopelessness and misery indistinctly murmured, 'Oh! may not this be some dreadful dream from which I shall awake?' And she pressed her hand hard upon the swelling veins of her forehead, as if to recover her consciousness. 'No, no,' she at length more audibly uttered in a tone of despairing grief,—'no, no! wretched, O wretched, lost, wrecked and ruined! and all but Heaven has now deserted me.' Tears now gushed and fell in a shower from her eyes, and, covering her face with both hands, heart-rending sobs alone gave further utterance to the agony of feeling with which her bursting bosom was labouring.

At this moment Martin, followed by Gow, entered the room.

'Why! what is all this now?' exclaimed the former, in affected surprise; 'What is the matter?—what can have happened, May?—O, something in the letter—but do let us see what dreadful news it contains.' So saying, he officiously bustled up to the table, where May was sitting in the posture above described with the letter open before her, without moving, or offering any resistance to Martin's taking it, and seemed busily to run over the contents. 'There!' he presently exclaimed, turning to his friend—' There! this is just what I always expected—that fellow Ashley has cast May aside for an old sweetheart, and has had the impudence here to tell her so—though it is scarcely three weeks since he was vowing and cooing round her like all the world.—The false-hearted scoundrel! But May had fair warning how the fellow would treat her; and now I hope she will put a proper value on the offers of those who really love her, and are worth a thousand such fellows to boot.'

'Yes, May,' said Gow in a low soothing tone as he approached and leaned over the table by her side, while Martin, under pretence of further examining the letter, moved off to an opposite window; 'Yes, May, now this great obstacle to your marrying another is entirely removed, I hope you will no longer refuse to listen to my offer.'

'O, do not torment me,' she replied in broken utterance, her face still buried in her hands; 'O, leave me alone I beseech you.'

'May!' interrupted Martin sternly, 'remember your promise—you remember—if Ashley disarmed just! Have you forgotten it so soon?'

The wretched girl groaned aloud.

'You are silent? continued her interrogator. 'And well you may be! for you will hardly deny the solemn promise you made me not a week since; and now I call on you to fulfil it—Do you remember?'

'O have mercy—some mercy,' she cried, rising and flying towards the door, 'some mercy, on a poor broken-hearted girl!'

'Do what you will with me—sell me for a slave—kill me if you please, but let me go now—O do let me go!' was the heartrending reply, as with streaming eyes and distraught looks she escaped from her inquisitors, and fled to her own apartment.

'Let her go, Martin,' said Gow hastily, as the latter were about to follow or constrained her back, 'let her go—let the matter rest just where it is.—Silence gives consent of itself—besides have you not her express leave to do what her just as you please? What more do you want?'

'Why true, Gow,' replied the other, hesitating under the influence of some remains of compunction, which still lingered in the recesses of a bosom naturally not hard-hearted, though rendered callous by the sordid pursuit of gain, and the unrelenting determination of which he had sworn to pursue the matter at hand—but then, you see the fix we have written ourselves in—And how would you manage it?'

'Manage it! why, there is nothing to do but go a-head—You saddle your horse, and go directly to the parson; tell him to publish the banns next Sunday, and be on hand to tie the knot on some day you and your wife shall fix on, as soon as your leave will allow; for I mean to go by Gunter in this business.'

'Yes, but—'

'But what?—You are thinking about raising the hundred dollars I conclude, or you would not hesitate to go on; now your chance is so much better than ever to save it—I tell you, man, one thing or the other must be done soon.'

The last hint was sufficient for a man of the disposition of Martin, and he at once forgot his qualms of conscience, and tamely promised obedience to the commands of the other.

'Well, then,' said Gow, 'go on as I told you—the game is now within certain reach, if all is kept still.—We will let the girl alone pretty much till the day arrives, and in the mean while we will drive hard at our business at the mountain; for I should like amazingly to have a few of those jingters in my pocket for wedding music.'

'Amen to that,' said Martin, as he left his friend for the business more immediately before him.

'Dirty miscreant!' soliloquized Gow, after his friend had left the room,—' what a precious scoundrel, but for your pusillanimous fears which only make you hesitate here, or anywhere!—But with all your duplicity and good will to play false with me, I can keep the knave in you straight by means of the miser and the coward. Rogue as I am, I despise you for your meanness to this noble girl, whom you should protect; and had I not a greater object in view than you can have in this affair, I would hang myself before I, who have so much duties towards her, would be guilty of even the part I am taking, though a thousand times more decent than yours. It will do me good to see you punished, as you will be with a vengeance, for this shuffling to me, and baseness her.—Hah! you little think that while you are helping me to a fortune with one hand you are twisting a rope for your own neck with the other.'

We will now follow the eager-eyed expectants of the glittering treasure to the theatre of their secret operations in the woods. A company of five individuals, besides Martin and Gow, had already been formed according to the plan before mentioned, and many nights had been spent by them in making excavations on the spot indicated by their leader who generally remained with them several hours each night in directing their movements, before he retired to his retreat on the mountain, where he had now for the most part taken up his quarters. For the first few nights of their digging he had directed their efforts to different places within a circle of some ten rods in diameter, designated by certain marks on the trees, and constituting a boundary within which, he told them, he had rendered it certain, by views obtained in his magic stone, and the working of the divining rods that the money lay buried. But for several of the last nights he had ordered them to proceed on in excavating in the same vein, assuring them that they might depend on having centered on the right place, and to so great a certainty was this now reduced, as his stone and often tried rods informed him, that he could safely promise them that a few more nights labor would bring them to the treasure. And such being the case, he called on each man to have the bonus to be paid him on reaching the first dollar, in readiness, at the same time declined assisting them any further till they severally complied with this indispensable requisition. This, for several days, caused a suspension of their labors; for it required no small exertions on the part of the company generally, and many sacrifices on the part of some of them to raise, at that day, the necessary sum.—But their exertions and sacrifices, great as they were in some cases, were cheerfully, and even anxiously made in the fancied certainty of soon being a thousand fold repaid in the glittering harvest which they were about to reap.—Farms were unhesitatingly mortgaged to distant money-lenders, oxen and horses, the only ones possessed by their owners, were sold at reduced prices, and all kinds of property were disposed of, or pledged for a tithe of its value, to meet the exigency. And so great was their activity that before one week had elapsed, every man of the company had reported himself to his leader as prepared with his hundred dollars in his pocket, and eagerly demanded to be led again to the work.

Hitherto the enterprise had been conducted with so much caution and secrecy that little was known in the neighborhood, except by those immediately concerned, of its existence, and much less of the object for which the company was formed. But either by reason of the stir created by raising the money, or because the growing certainty of success had rendered the different members of the association less guarded, vague rumors were beginning to be afloat in the neighborhood that some uncommon adventure was going on in the mountains; and many were the conjectures and dark surmises made concerning its character and object—the secrecy with which it had been conducted sufficing to throw an air of mystery and romance over the proceeding.—And this had been considerably increased by the appearance, about this time, of a singularly accoutred old man, who had been known to enter the settlement from the north, and was several times afterwards seen hovering round the outskirts of the woods, back of which was the supposed scene of these mysterious operations—some supposing him a dumb maniac, from having been met and hailed without returning any answer or showing the least sign of hearing or recognizing the presence of another. Some believing him the devil himself come to superintend the ceremonies of the black art which they suspected was in performance in the woods, and others, more given to matter of fact calculations, and disposed to view secrecy and mystery as generally the cloak of iniquity, shrewdly suspected him to be an agent sent from Stephen Burroughs's *Snag-Factory* in Canada, to establish a branch in this unexplored part of the Green Mountains.* And it was the impression of all indeed that this strange personage had some connection with the doings of the company; though those who were supposed to be its members steadily denied the truth of this supposition, being probably, with the exception of their leader, really as much in the dark concerning the cause of appearance and character of the old man as their neighbors.

It was on a dark night in July, a few days subsequent to the scene where we left our heroine at Martin's that the money diggers resumed their labors. Excited by the late encouragement of Gow they came, one by one, stealing to the spot at an early hour, and, as usual, having hindled a [illegible]

* The counterfeit bills by which the celebrated Stephen Burroughs once flooded the country were at that day usually denominated snags.

[illegible] and seek a particular search be a secret on the brink of the excavation to furnish light for their operations, they waited with nervous impatience for the appearance of their leader to direct the spot at which their efforts were now to be bestowed. The latter soon made his appearance; and, after giving his directions with the imperious severity with which he had constituted his part through the whole enterprise, and seeing them fairly at work, he soon informed them that, from the experiments he had been making the day, he had strong hopes of arriving at the treasure in the course of a few hours, and that he should remain with them till the close of their labors for the night. This thrilling announcement added fresh ardour to their exertions, and wrought up their minds to the highest pitch of expectation and excitement. And, in imagination, how fairies were already purchased; old score richly attached and liquidated, fine houses were built and furnished, wives were rustling in their new silk, gorgeous robes were groaning with delicacies, and bankbills were bandied with a free hand in treats by such expenses of nobility or justice of peace on the occasion of their promotion, honors which their great wealth would be sensible to bring them. The night wore [illegible] heat midnight. Gow now made another trial with his rods; and, after sweeping them some time from different points, with great seeming carelessness and accuracy, he rose with a satisfied air, and hastily throwing them aside as things whose aid was now no longer required, he joyfully announced to his associates that the hour which was to crown their labors with success was at last arrived; but that it was the hour likewise that would, very probably, put all their prudence and fortitude to the severest trial; for he must now apprise them that in those cases where any murder or other great wickedness had been committed in connection with secreting a treasure, there was generally considerable difficulty in securing it, even after it was fairly discovered, owing to the strange sights and noises which were seen and heard about the time of reaching and attempting to seize it. But these sounds or apparitions, as startling and terrible as they might seem, would hurt nobody, nor prevent securing the money, if no attention was paid to them; while if the attention at that critical moment was suffered to be diverted, and the eye withdrawn from the spot, the money somehow or other was almost sure to get away, or be so lost sight of, that it could not be found again without a new course of digging and experiments. This, to be sure, might not be a case where any such difficulty would occur but it was always best to be prepared for the worst; and therefore, the instant it was announced that the money was reached every man must have all his senses about him, and confine them to the spot; and on no account look off or suffer a glance, or thought, to stray to what might be doing around him, but grapple at the treasure as soon as it was laid open, in whatever shape it be found, and hang on for life, though the very devils might be yelling about his ears. With this startling caution he ordered the men to dig away the inequalities of the bottom, and level off a broad space where they had last been digging. With nerves agitated by fear and expectation they hurriedly went to work, and soon smoothed down a space sufficiently broad to meet the mind of their leader. He then formed them in a circle around him, and taking a heavy crow-bar, and ordering every eye to be fixed intensely on the spot when he should strike, and if any signs of hitting the money followed, to dig for their lives, he lifted high the heavy weapon and thrust it deep into the ground. A sharp, grating sound, as of the deadened clinking of metals under ground, followed the blow. And a low, eager, suppressed shout of exultation simultaneously escaped from the lips of all the company; while almost at the same instant a deep unearthly groan issued from the nearest thicket striking the ear with horrible distinctness, and causing every heart to quake with apprehension. Gow quickly repeated his blow, and it was again followed by the same cheering sound from the earth, and the same, and still more startling groan from the thicket.

'Now dig!—dig for your very lives!' sternly exclaimed Gow. Rallying their sinking courage at the command, they fell furiously to work, throwing the earth in every direction by their vague and random blows, and seemingly trying to stifle their fears by the desperate energy of their efforts, as nearer and more terrific grew the fearful sounds around them. Still managing, however, to keep their eyes on the work, though scarcely able to control the movements of their shaking and quaking limbs, they soon laid bare what they took to be the iron chest containing their prize. 'The lid! the lid! seize and raise the lid!' cried Gow, 'and every eye upon the spot!' So saying he seized a bar and thrusting it under the supposed lid raised one side of it several inches from its bed, when the sight of rusty dollars beneath dimly glittering in public light of their torch greeted their enraptured sight. 'There! there it is!' shouted the men, 'up with the lid then, and seize it!' cried Gow. One of them accordingly grappled with the lid and had raised it nearly upright, when in the act of stooping, involuntarily casting a look through his arms back on the bank behind them he gave a shriek of terror which turned all eyes to the spot indicated by his wild gestures. On the bank above them at a few yards distant stood an apparition which made the blood curdle in their veins. The figure of an old man, his head and arms bare, and his long hair of milky whiteness streaming down over his shoulders, one of his skeleton arms thrown aloft, and the other pointing to his bloody throat which seemed to be cut from ear to ear; while from his sunken sockets his eyes shone like two burning coals, and from his mouth a blue flame appeared to issue showing long rows of spike fashioned teeth glowing like red hot iron. 'Seize the money!' vociferated Gow, at the same time plunging his hands under the lid. Partially roused by the words of their leader the appalled and horror-struck men were making a confused motion to follow his example, and some of them made a grasp at the money, when the apparition seizing their torch and whirling it wide into the bushes, leaped with a hideous screech directly upon them. Tumbling one over another, in the darkness and confusion, all but Gow sprang wildly up the bank and fled from the spot like frighted sheep from beneath the crash of a falling thunder bolt; some running against trees which threw them back stunned and nearly senseless on the ground by the shock—some tumbling over logs and then laying in breathless stillness, and some fleeing and hiding themselves in distant thickets till his infernal majesty, as they verily believed him, should be pleased to take his departure. All was now dark and silent as the tomb. Gow however, who had fearlessly remained on the spot, either because he had more nerve than his associates, or because he was better acquainted with his majesty, soon found his way to the decayed fire kept for lighting their torches, and lighting up a fresh knot proceeded to the spot from which the company had been so strangely driven, and put things in such a situation as best comported with his purposes. After which he began to call loudly to his men to return, as the ghost, or whatever it was that had spoiled their game, was gone, and there was no further danger he assured them of his appearing that night. One by one the men came creeping cautiously and stealthily from their hiding places; and all at length were again assembled on the bank of the excavation. When, after being a little reassured by the words of their leader and the presence of one another, they all proceeded to the spot where they had last seen the supposed chest, but no appearance of either chest or money remained, and a little loose earth gave the only indication of the spot where they had discovered it. 'The game is all up for to-night, as I supposed,' observed Gow after throwing down a stick a few times. 'The game is up for this time, and now you see what you have lost by not attending to my caution, and keeping better command of yourselves when it was all nothing but an empty apparition—the mere shadow of some old codger that has been dead and rotten these hundred years, and that could have neither hurt or been felt by any body.'

'Don't know nothy about that, Captain,' interrupted [illegible]

They then, taking a smooth place without the excavation, proceeded to produce and count the few dollars they had seized when driven from their hold on the treasure.—Gow and Martin, it appeared, were the only ones who were successful in fairly getting hold of any, each of whom had grasped and retained a single handful of bona fide dollars, amounting to thirty in number; of this there could be no mistake; for they were now spread before them, and, though a little rusty, as might be expected, were yet, to all appearance, genuine Spanish coin; furnishing indubitable evidence to those who might have hitherto entertained doubts of the existence of the treasure, that money was here, and with proper management, might be secured.—And this cheering thought, together with the assurances of their leader, that there would be no difficulty in again finding the chest with one or two night's digging; and that these disturbances to frighten them away were always comparatively light after the first ordeal, raised their spirits almost to their former level, and, as they sat in a ring round the fire with an occasional glance of wildness, and sometimes a convulsive start, the lingering effects of their recent fright, eagerly handling and eying the dollars like scared children who had been appeased with toys, they began once more to crack their jokes over their strange adventure, and again grow rich in the prospects of another trial for the slippery treasure.

Taking advantage of this state of feeling, and the renewed expectations which he had succeeded in raising in their minds, Gow now told them, as the treasure had been discovered and the first dollar found, the contingency had therefore happened which entitled him to a hundred dollars from each; and gave them to understand that he expected their immediate compliance with their bargain. To this after some demurring, and a few manifestations of reluctance, they finally assented, and producing their money, they, with the exception of Martin, paid him on the spot. And this business being adjusted and an arrangement made to commence operations again as soon as the situation of the treasure could be ascertained by experiments, the band separated for the night—the men to dream of divels and pots of money, and their artful leader to hug the reality of five hundred dollars.

Let us now return to the disconsolate girl whom we left sinking under the accumulated load of distress occasioned by the supposed desertion of one lover in whom she had centered her every hope of happiness, and whose image she had enwrapped in her very heart's core, and the fresh and deeply abetted persecutions of another, the object of her recent dislike and suspicion, whose presence even was painful and perplexing to her feelings. After the interview at which May received the letter so astounding to her hopes and long cherished affections, Martin carried into immediate effect the preliminaries of marriage recommended and urged by his bold and determined associate. And the banns were accordingly published the next Sunday at the village, and the attendance of the minister bespoken to celebrate the nuptials one week from the Tuesday evening next succeeding the publishment. May, in the mean time, the person above all others the most interested in this movement, had never been in the least consulted, but kept in entire ignorance of its existence; and never dreaming that any immediate advantage would be taken of a promise made on condition of a desertion which in her unbounded confidence, she believed could never happen and which as she now suspected was artfully exacted by Martin with a knowledge previously received from some source or other, of Ashley's defection—or that anything would be tortured into a consent which she subsequently uttered in her grief and agitation at the intelligence by which that confidence, as well as all her happiness was swept away at a blow, and wholly unsuspecting, indeed, of the measure which had now been taken, and which had made such fearful progress towards disposing of her to one she so thoroughly detested, she continued several days drooping in listless apathy to all that was passing around her, brooding over her griefs with feelings of anguish to be imagined only by those whose sensibilities have received a similar shock, or looking forward to the chill and dreary future there to find no ray of consolation to compensate for the settled and heart blighting woe of the present. And it was not till two or three days after the event that she accidentally overheard, in a conversation between her mother and a neighbor who had called at the door, that the intention of marriage between herself and Gow had been publicly proclaimed the preceding Sunday, and that not a week intervened before the fatal day fixed on for its consummation.—The poor girl, as well she might be, was petrified with astonishment, and filled with mingled emotions of dread and indignation at the discovery. As great, however, as was her dismay at the dreaded fate which she saw preparing for her, as deep as was her indignation at the effrontery of Gow, and the baseness of those who had sanctioned his conduct, she made no outcry—uttered no word of alarm or reproach—questioned no one—called no one to her council, or even hinted that she was apprised of what was in progress; for where should she go for succor or advice? The friend and more than friend, on whom she had all along relied to return soon enough to relieve her from her troubles before any measures of actual compulsion should be used, had now cruelly deserted, and left her unsupported in heart, and friendless and unprotected in her extremities—the neighbors, if the delicacy of her feelings would permit her to apply to them, were indifferent or against her, or at best would have no power to relieve her—and her parents who should be her friendly advisers and protectors, she well knew, were, instead the abettors, if not the prime movers of all that had been done. She saw at a glance how she had been entrapped—how the advantage she had unwittingly given them had been seized on as a pretended excuse for the steps they had taken; and she could easily foresee that this would furnish them with the same plea, as false, hypocritical and base, as their consciences must tell them it was, for forcing her on till she was irretrievably bound in by their toils. And although she knew not half the extent of their business and trenchery, she yet knew enough to fill her with dread for the result of their machinations, and cause her nearly to despair of being able to extricate herself from the snares by which they had beset her. And yet she, at times, looked on the fate that now seemed rapidly approaching, dreaded as it had been, and still was, to her sober reflection, with an indifference and apathy of feeling, which one week before would have astonished even herself. There was a strange way-ward feeling that occasionally came mingling in the perturbed tumult of her mind, and seemed half to court the very fate she would avoid. Why should she care now, it said, what became of her?—life was now forever a blank to her, and no happiness was to be sought by avoiding one doom. And offended pride then repeatedly threw in her plea, 'He might have spared all this—he has cruelly deserted me, and sought a stranger! Let him see how little I care for him.' Then would the recollection of Ashley disarmed just! Have you forgotten it so soon?'

The wretched girl groaned aloud.

'You are silent?' continued her interrogator. 'And well you may be! for you will hardly deny the solemn promise you made me not a week since; and now I call on you to fulfil it—Do you remember?'

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'Amen to that,' said Martin, as he left his friend for the business more immediately before him.

'Dirty miscreant!' soliloquized Gow, after his friend had left the room,—' what a precious scoundrel, but for your pusillanimous fears which only make you hesitate here, or anywhere!—But with all your duplicity and good will to play false with me, I can keep the knave in you straight by means of the miser and the coward. Rogue as I am, I despise you for your meanness to this noble girl, whom you should protect; and had I not a greater object in view than you can have in this affair, I would hang myself before I, who have so much duties towards her, would be guilty of even the part I am taking, though a thousand times more decent than yours. It will do me good to see you punished, as you will be with a vengeance, for this shuffling to me, and baseness her.—Hah! you little think that while you are helping me to a fortune with one hand you are twisting a rope for your own neck with the other.'

We will now follow the eager-eyed expectants of the glittering treasure to the theatre of their secret operations in the woods. A company of five individuals, besides Martin and Gow, had already been formed according to the plan before mentioned, and many nights had been spent by them in making excavations on the spot indicated by their leader who generally remained with them several hours each night in directing their movements, before he retired to his retreat on the mountain, where he had now for the most part taken up his quarters. For the first few nights of their digging he had directed their efforts to different places within a circle of some ten rods in diameter, designated by certain marks on the trees, and constituting a boundary within which, he told them, he had rendered it certain, by views obtained in his magic stone, and the working of the divining rods that the money lay buried. But for several of the last nights he had ordered them to proceed on in excavating in the same vein, assuring them that they might depend on having centered on the right place, and to so great a certainty was this now reduced, as his stone and often tried rods informed him, that he could safely promise them that a few more nights labor would bring them to the treasure. And such being the case, he called on each man to have the bonus to be paid him on reaching the first dollar, in readiness, at the same time declined assisting them any further till they severally complied with this indispensable requisition. This, for several days, caused a suspension of their labors; for it required no small exertions on the part of the company generally, and many sacrifices on the part of some of them to raise, at that day, the necessary sum.—But their exertions and sacrifices, great as they were in some cases, were cheerfully, and even anxiously made in the fancied certainty of soon being a thousand fold repaid in the glittering harvest which they were about to reap.—Farms were unhesitatingly mortgaged to distant money-lenders, oxen and horses, the only ones possessed by their owners, were sold at reduced prices, and all kinds of property were disposed of, or pledged for a tithe of its value, to meet the exigency. And so great was their activity that before one week had elapsed, every man of the company had reported himself to his leader as prepared with his hundred dollars in his pocket, and eagerly demanded to be led again to the work.

Hitherto the enterprise had been conducted with so much caution and secrecy that little was known in the neighborhood, except by those immediately concerned, of its existence, and much less of the object for which the company was formed. But either by reason of the stir created by raising the money, or because the growing certainty of success had rendered the different members of the association less guarded, vague rumors were beginning to be afloat in the neighborhood that some uncommon adventure was going on in the mountains; and many were the conjectures and dark surmises made concerning its character and object—the secrecy with which it had been conducted sufficing to throw an air of mystery and romance over the proceeding.—And this had been considerably increased by the appearance, about this time, of a singularly accoutred old man, who had been known to enter the settlement from the north, and was several times afterwards seen hovering round the outskirts of the woods, back of which was the supposed scene of these mysterious operations—some supposing him a dumb maniac, from having been met and hailed without returning any answer or showing the least sign of hearing or recognizing the presence of another. Some believing him the devil himself come to superintend the ceremonies of the black art which they suspected was in performance in the woods, and others, more given to matter of fact calculations, and disposed to view secrecy and mystery as generally the cloak of iniquity, shrewdly suspected him to be an agent sent from Stephen Burroughs's *Snag-Factory* in Canada, to establish a branch in this unexplored part of the Green Mountains.* And it was the impression of all indeed that this strange personage had some connection with the doings of the company; though those who were supposed to be its members steadily denied the truth of this supposition, being probably, with the exception of their leader, really as much in the dark concerning the cause of appearance and character of the old man as their neighbors.

It was on a dark night in July, a few days subsequent to the scene where we left our heroine at Martin's that the money diggers resumed their labors. Excited by the late encouragement of Gow they came, one by one, stealing to the spot at an early hour, and, as usual, having kindled a [illegible]

* The counterfeit bills by which the celebrated Stephen Burroughs once flooded the country were at that day usually denominated snags.

[illegible] and seek a particular search be a secret on the brink of the excavation to furnish light for their operations, they waited with nervous impatience for the appearance of their leader to direct the spot at which their efforts were now to be bestowed. The latter soon made his appearance; and, after giving his directions with the imperious severity with which he had constituted his part through the whole enterprise, and seeing them fairly at work, he soon informed them that, from the experiments he had been making the day, he had strong hopes of arriving at the treasure in the course of a few hours, and that he should remain with them till the close of their labors for the night. This thrilling announcement added fresh ardour to their exertions, and wrought up their minds to the highest pitch of expectation and excitement. And, in imagination, how fairies were already purchased; old score richly attached and liquidated, fine houses were built and furnished, wives were rustling in their new silk, gorgeous robes were groaning with delicacies, and bankbills were bandied with a free hand in treats by such expenses of nobility or justice of peace on the occasion of their promotion, honors which their great wealth would be sensible to bring them. The night wore [illegible] heat midnight. Gow now made another trial with his rods; and, after sweeping them some time from different points, with great seeming carelessness and accuracy, he rose with a satisfied air, and hastily throwing them aside as things whose aid was now no longer required, he joyfully announced to his associates that the hour which was to crown their labors with success was at last arrived; but that it was the hour likewise that would, very probably, put all their prudence and fortitude to the severest trial; for he must now apprise them that in those cases where any murder or other great wickedness had been committed in connection with secreting a treasure, there was generally considerable difficulty in securing it, even after it was fairly discovered, owing to the strange sights and noises which were seen and heard about the time of reaching and attempting to seize it. But these sounds or apparitions, as startling and terrible as they might seem, would hurt nobody, nor prevent securing the money, if no attention was paid to them; while if the attention at that critical moment was suffered to be diverted, and the eye withdrawn from the spot, the money somehow or other was almost sure to get away, or be so lost sight of, that it could not be found again without a new course of digging and experiments. This, to be sure, might not be a case where any such difficulty would occur but it was always best to be prepared for the worst; and therefore, the instant it was announced that the money was reached every man must have all his senses about him, and confine them to the spot; and on no account look off or suffer a glance, or thought, to stray to what might be doing around him, but grapple at the treasure as soon as it was laid open, in whatever shape it be found, and hang on for life, though the very devils might be yelling about his ears. With this startling caution he ordered the men to dig away the inequalities of the bottom, and level off a broad space where they had last been digging. With nerves agitated by fear and expectation they hurriedly went to work, and soon smoothed down a space sufficiently broad to meet the mind of their leader. He then formed them in a circle around him, and taking a heavy crow-bar, and ordering every eye to be fixed intensely on the spot when he should strike, and if any signs of hitting the money followed, to dig for their lives, he lifted high the heavy weapon and thrust it deep into the ground. A sharp, grating sound, as of the deadened clinking of metals under ground, followed the blow. And a low, eager, suppressed shout of exultation simultaneously escaped from the lips of all the company; while almost at the same instant a deep unearthly groan issued from the nearest thicket striking the ear with horrible distinctness, and causing every heart to quake with apprehension. Gow quickly repeated his blow, and it was again followed by the same cheering sound from the earth, and the same, and still more startling groan from the thicket.

'Now dig!—dig for your very lives!' sternly exclaimed Gow. Rallying their sinking courage at the command, they fell furiously to work, throwing the earth in every direction by their vague and random blows, and seemingly trying to stifle their fears by the desperate energy of their efforts, as nearer and more terrific grew the fearful sounds around them. Still managing, however, to keep their eyes on the work, though scarcely able to control the movements of their shaking and quaking limbs, they soon laid bare what they took to be the iron chest containing their prize. 'The lid! the lid! seize and raise the lid!' cried Gow, 'and every eye upon the spot!' So saying he seized a bar and thrusting it under the supposed lid raised one side of it several inches from its bed, when the sight of rusty dollars beneath dimly glittering in public light of their torch greeted their enraptured sight. 'There! there it is!' shouted the men, 'up with the lid then, and seize it!' cried Gow. One of them accordingly grappled with the lid and had raised it nearly upright, when in the act of stooping, involuntarily casting a look through his arms back on the bank behind them he gave a shriek of terror which turned all eyes to the spot indicated by his wild gestures. On the bank above them at a few yards distant stood an apparition which made the blood curdle in their veins. The figure of an old man, his head and arms bare, and his long hair of milky whiteness streaming down over his shoulders, one of his skeleton arms thrown aloft, and the other pointing to his bloody throat which seemed to be cut from ear to ear; while from his sunken sockets his eyes shone like two burning coals, and from his mouth a blue flame appeared to issue showing long rows of spike fashioned teeth glowing like red hot iron. 'Seize the money!' vociferated Gow, at the same time plunging his hands under the lid. Partially roused by the words of their leader the appalled and horror-struck men were making a confused motion to follow his example, and some of them made a grasp at the money, when the apparition seizing their torch and whirling it wide into the bushes, leaped with a hideous screech directly upon them. Tumbling one over another, in the darkness and confusion, all but Gow sprang wildly up the bank and fled from the spot like frighted sheep from beneath the crash of a falling thunder bolt; some running against trees which threw them back stunned and nearly senseless on the ground by the shock—some tumbling over logs and then laying in breathless stillness, and some fleeing and hiding themselves in distant thickets till his infernal majesty, as they verily believed him, should be pleased to take his departure. All was now dark and silent as the tomb. Gow however, who had fearlessly remained on the spot, either because he had more nerve than his associates, or because he was better acquainted with his majesty, soon found his way to the decayed fire kept for lighting their torches, and lighting up a fresh knot proceeded to the spot from which the company had been so strangely driven, and put things in such a situation as best comported with his purposes. After which he began to call loudly to his men to return, as the ghost, or whatever it was that had spoiled their game, was gone, and there was no further danger he assured them of his appearing that night. One by one the men came creeping cautiously and stealthily from their hiding places; and all at length were again assembled on the bank of the excavation. When, after being a little reassured by the words of their leader and the presence of one another, they all proceeded to the spot where they had last seen the supposed chest, but no appearance of either chest or money remained, and a little loose earth gave the only indication of the spot where they had discovered it. 'The game is all up for to-night, as I supposed,' observed Gow after throwing down a stick a few times. 'The game is up for this time, and now you see what you have lost by not attending to my caution, and keeping better command of yourselves when it was all nothing but an empty apparition—the mere shadow of some old codger that has been dead and rotten these hundred years, and that could have neither hurt or been felt by any body.'

'Don't know nothy about that, Captain,' interrupted [illegible]

They then, taking a smooth place without the excavation, proceeded to produce and count the few dollars they had seized when driven from their hold on the treasure.—Gow and Martin, it appeared, were the only ones who were successful in fairly getting hold of any, each of whom had grasped and retained a single handful of bona fide dollars, amounting to thirty in number; of this there could be no mistake; for they were now spread before them, and, though a little rusty, as might be expected, were yet, to all appearance, genuine Spanish coin; furnishing indubitable evidence to those who might have hitherto entertained doubts of the existence of the treasure, that money was here, and with proper management, might be secured.—And this cheering thought, together with the assurances of their leader, that there would be no difficulty in again finding the chest with one or two night's digging; and that these disturbances to frighten them away were always comparatively light after the first ordeal, raised their spirits almost to their former level, and, as they sat in a ring round the fire with an occasional glance of wildness, and sometimes a convulsive start, the lingering effects of their recent fright, eagerly handling and eying the dollars like scared children who had been appeased with toys, they began once more to crack their jokes over their strange adventure, and again grow rich in the prospects of another trial for the slippery treasure.

Taking advantage of this state of feeling, and the renewed expectations which he had succeeded in raising in their minds, Gow now told them, as the treasure had been discovered and the first dollar found, the contingency had therefore happened which entitled him to a hundred dollars from each; and gave them to understand that he expected their immediate compliance with their bargain. To this after some demurring, and a few manifestations of reluctance, they finally assented, and producing their money, they, with the exception of Martin, paid him on the spot. And this business being adjusted and an arrangement made to commence operations again as soon as the situation of the treasure could be ascertained by experiments, the band separated for the night—the men to dream of divels and pots of money, and their artful leader to hug the reality of five hundred dollars.

[illegible] ... Why what are you afraid of, man?

Afraid—[illegible] The [illegible] used to be seen, [illegible] travellers—that lock up houses and [illegible] with money in their pockets were sometimes decoyed [illegible] strange places for pillage; for though [illegible] had not happened then, the [illegible] a month before.

Afraid Sir—why what should I be afraid of?

God knows, not I—that's a question for your [illegible] to settle, I should think Mr [illegible]; and he said this, [illegible] flung aside the heavy chain, flung the door wide open, [illegible] leading the way up stairs, [illegible] more courteously than [illegible] to follow.

I obeyed, and soon found myself in a large drawing-room, which had evidently been occupied but a few moments before, and I thought, by a woman; for there lay a bit of embroidery just as it had fallen out of her lap, as she hurried away at the sound of our approach—and there a half open book, the leaves yet fluttering with her touch—and there burnt the superstanding lamp of a solitary *reader*, when all the rest of the world are asleep.

Whisht—whisht!—To bed all of you; and leave the door to me.

I looked up and saw his lordship stealing through a half open door a tiptoe, with his finger on his lip; *whisht!—whisht!*—and then he disappeared. The lights were extinguished before—a profound silence followed—and I sat [illegible] of myself on a heavy, old-fashioned sofa, that was drawn up to the table, and throwing myself back on a heap of pillows, arranged evidently enough, by some very idle, or luxurious—or unhappy person—fell into a revery which might have lasted I know not how long, but for the voluptuous warmth of one particular spot, where my cheek lay, which *satisfied* me that I was occupying the couch, aye the very pillow of a young and beautiful woman, but just abandoned by her! You may smile—but such is the fact—the hour—the place—the embroidery—aye the book itself—it was Rousseau's Heloise—and the leaves were blotted with tears—and as I believed then, damp to the touch—do you wonder that I was satisfied?—that I felt sure of what I say?—I opened at a passage where Julia had continued to be worshipped by her high-minded blockhead of a husband, notwithstanding his knowledge of her transgression, and was trying to persuade myself that such a story might be true—that a woman might be found fool enough to tell the truth of herself—and a man with courage enough to trust her nevertheless; when my attention was called off by the sound of two voices in earnest conversation apparently but a little way off—almost at my elbow. I could not distinguish the words—but I never heard a sweeter voice than the female's, and the tone was that of expostulation, while that of the man was a mixture of entreaty and I thought those of playful reproach. At last I could hear the words more distinctly—a light flashed along the carpet, as from a slowly-opened door, and the shadow of a woman with a loose wrapper, appeared upon the opposite wall.

No, no—Harry, *dear* Harry—I cannot see him; spare me, I beseech you.

Why what a simpleton you are! He doesn't recollect you, I'm sure.

Nay but—

I found it necessary to cough here—

Nay but, how could I bear to look him in the face; I should certainly betray myself.

I coughed again—and again—before they heard me.

But when they did, the light was instantly extinguished; and the whispering appeared farther off. I knew not what to think, grew tired of the play, and began to feel sleepy—though nothing was farther from my thoughts than a nap there, even supposing it possible to get a nap on a pillow *just* left by a young and beautiful woman you have no business with; for both young and beautiful she must be—of that I was perfectly sure.

Please Sir—your chamber is ready.

My chamber!—what!—hey—why who the devil are you? And up I started, rubbing my eyes, and trying with both fists to recollect myself. Before me was the apparition of that very gypsey who had been playing her pranks with me at the masquerade—blushing to the eyes though, and looking prettier than ever. She carried a silver candlestick in her hand—I couldn't be mistaken—I knew it was silver the moment I cast my eyes on it—so massive and so rich! Please Sir, said she again, with a voice that went through and through me, your chamber is ready.

My chamber!—And then I tried to recollect myself, under pretence of looking roguish—but she moved away; and I—alas! what would another have done in my place—a bachelor, with a wife more than three thousand miles off—I moved after her. And she led me up stairs, through a wide passage-way, to the half-open door of a magnificently furnished bed-chamber. Would she stop there?—I felt curious to see how far she would go—and I watched her narrowly. Perhaps I might persuade her to enter? I stepped back to afford her an opportunity.

A sweet smile, and a low curtsey—and in she went! by my faith!—in she went! as if both of us had a right there! But by this time, either I was more fully awake, or the light was better, or the chamber-maid underwent another transformation, for the countenance of the gypsey had vanished, and I found myself alone with a young and innocent looking country-girl, with a night-cap on her head, and a sort of night-dress gathered hastily about her bosom, as if she had just been called out of bed.

There's the bed Sir! said she—throwing down the clothes—I thought for a moment she was going to jump in herself—There's the bell, Sir, and my lord's own gentleman will be with you in the morning. Another courtesy—another smile—and the sweetest of all possible good nights! and before I could recollect myself, I was left alone. I looked at my watch. It was fifteen minutes after six! Heaven and Earth!

It was now clear that I had fallen asleep on the sofa below, and perhaps been left there by his lordship himself; and that when the maids went to their work in the morning, one of them had found me there and put me to bed with her own hands, like a great lubberly boy who had fallen asleep in the Christmas holidays with a stick of lollypop in his mouth. I began to feel cheap. To lose myself again was impossible; and though I stripped and tumbled into bed, resolved to brave it out—for I had nothing to lose—not even a character—I couldn't for the life of me close my eyes. One comfort had I left—and only one—it was already fifteen minutes after six; the maids were up—after another hour or two at farthest, I might venture to show myself, and ask an explanation. But an explanation of what?—Of my falling asleep on the sofa? Or of my being provided with a capital bed, at nobody's charge?

And there I lay—hour after hour—till I was out of all patience with myself and every body else. Not a sound reached my ear. Not a mouse appeared to be stirring—not so much as a chimney-sweep. I counted seven—eight—nine—and was fairly on the road for I dare not say how much, when all at once it occurred to me that I might be laboring under a delusion—a dream perhaps—or perhaps I might be lying in a deserted house. A deserted house!—And out of bed I bolted, head foremost! The bare idea of such a trick was insupportable to me, and when I called to mind the behaviour of the strange young nobleman, why really it did seem to be somewhat of a piece with it. Nor were my suspicions allayed, when I found, on turning to the chair on which I had left my clothes, that my pantaloons and coat were gone! Here was a catastrophe! The thing was clear enough now—I was betrayed—trapped—made a prisoner of in spite of my teeth—given over to the buffetings of the adversary in good earnest. To go into the street in my drawers would never do—to appear at the window of a deserted house—that wouldn't much help the matter. If I could only manage to slip out quietly by the back way and call a coach now—that would be nice, wouldn't it—and then, if I should ever happen to fall in with my lord Harry, hang me if I didn't pay him for his—tailor!—what's that?—a bell rope as I live!—The house may not be uninhabited after all! Saying this to myself, I made a snatch at the rope and gave a pull—heaven forgive me!—but you'd have thought the house was afire; and as for me—I thought the bell would never stop ringing. Steps were heard immediately—voices—and before I could jump into bed—or even pull the clothes up about my ears, the door opened and there stood no less than two girls and three men-servants, the latter bowing and the former peeping over their shoulders and giggling and curtseying to me; one carrying [illegible]

[illegible] They [illegible] and I believe my [illegible] one of them [illegible] I grew [illegible] and [illegible] in silence.

At half past one, I [illegible] by [illegible] with a message from his lordship, [illegible] to [illegible] with him at half past twelve. [illegible] at such [illegible] I [illegible] his Lordship, immediately.

Immediately, Sir! said his Lordship's own gentleman; I will deliver the message, but his lordship never rises till a quarter before twelve—when my lady is at home.

Your lady!—Here was a pretty kettle of fish! But there was no help for it now. No matter said I—no matter, my good fellow—it will be time enough when I meet his lordship at breakfast. And here I flourished a white pocket handkerchief, and wiped my mouth in a careless, fine-spoken way,—after the manner of his lordship, and [illegible] upon my back—as much as to say, damme! who cares?

The man withdrew—and I began to recall the adventures of the preceding night. Here was the breakfast-room—the identical room I looked into the night before, as we passed on our way up the grand stair-case; and caught a glimpse of a table spread—with glasses—cold meats—bottles and chairs, and all confusion. And there!—through that broad passage-way and up that broad flight of stairs—which I remember distinctly enough now, is the room where I found the deep sofa, and stretched myself on it, and fell asleep—and there!—why zounds! it is no dream after all! there's the chain athwart the door now!—and the bolts—and the bars—and the!—I threw a hurried glance at the windows, expecting to find them chequered with iron bars; but no—they were like all the rest of the larger houses in London, secured only by strong window-shutters with bars concealed behind rich curtains; and I began to grow easier. But would it never be twelve o'clock—never!

At last, after adjourning up stairs at the suggestion of the servants, and finding myself once more in the room where I had fallen asleep the night before, and while I was examining the books, and prints, and busts and trinkets that were gathered about me in gorgeous and costly profusion, my attention happened to be called to something in the street, when on looking out of the window, for the first time, I found to my utter amazement, that instead of being in Grosvenor Square as I had believed when the carriage drew up, I was in the immediate neighborhood—my heart was in my mouth—of a celebrated public-house—

Thunder and lightning! thought I—and I might say, thunder and lightning *breathed* I!—for I saw through the whole trick at once now! Instead of being decoyed into a spunging-house or a lunatic-asylum, I had been dropped like a foundling, at the door of the costliest hotel in London—with hardly a guinea in my pocket; and was or would be left in the lurch—for nobody knows what amount of eatables and drinkables consumed by young Lord Harry. Oh, let me but clap eyes on that fel—

Good morning Mr Gore!

Ah!—ugh—ah!—good morning to you, my Lord!

I am afraid you have not slept well Sir—you look rather pale—or perhaps it may be owing to the remains of the powder. You are a very early riser, I see—lead the way George—the truth is, my dear Sir, I was unwilling to disturb you on my return last night, you appeared sleeping so delightfully, but I directed George to sit by you till you woke, and then to show you to your chamber, and he misunderstood my directions I find, so that you were not in bed till after six. I am very sorry for it.

I was replying with all possible solemnity—determined so to manage the rest of the interview that he should, have nothing to brag of, whatever the issue might be. If a joke, it should be a capital thing for me—if no joke, better still, when we arrived at the breakfast-room set apart for his Lordship, and Lady Mary! as he informed me himself—whenever they chose to have *nobody* with them.

Of course I bowed—

But his Lordship was too well-bred to explain.

Where's your mistress, pray?—turning to his man—did I understand you rightly, George?

Yes my lord—but—and here he drew nearer to his lordship and whispered something, which appeared to divert the latter exceedingly. Well, well, said he—if she *will* have it so; seating himself—George, a chair—I am afraid my dear Sir, that we shall not be able to see lady Mary this morning. She has had a wretched night—and eyeing me with a look which puzzled me exceedingly—and between ourselves, we may thank you for it, I'm afraid.

Me!—heaven forbid!

Yes you. And now—coffee or chocolate?—or do you prefer tea?—black or green?—suffer me—and he made a cup of tea for me with his own hands—George! the toast—or would you prefer a muffin?—George, the muffins. And now, my dear Sir—to explain a part of this mystery. Do you know that card?—reaching me one of my own cards as he spoke.

That card!—to be sure I do.

Do you know how I came by it?

Certainly. It is the card I gave you last night.

I beg your pardon—here's the card you gave me last night—producing another.

Indeed!—Well how did you come by it; for now I look at it again, I perceive that this, holding up the first he had handed me, is of a kind which I had engraved years ago and in another country. I did not know that I had one in the world—Ah! what is this? and my attention was attracted by something written on the back, with a pencil.

I read it, and my astonishment increased every moment—and my perplexity also. I was completely bewildered. Where in the name of heaven, said I—where did you get this card?

From my wife, said he.

From your wife—lady Mary?

Yes.

And where did she get it?

You gave it to her yourself.

Good God!—and I tried to decipher the whole of what was written upon the back. To the best of my recollection it read thus. '*Be comforted—whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. I shall keep my promise, and you must keep yours. The name I give you is my real name—the address, until I arrive at London, will be at the Post-office till called for!*

I drew a long breath—I saw his lordship's countenance change—a sob followed—and on looking up, I saw the loveliest creature standing at my elbow—her eyes uplifted to his and streaming with tears—and her dark hair flying in the wind from an open window behind us.

> 'The heart is like the sky—a *part of heaven;*
> And changes night and day too *like the sky;*
> Now o'er it clouds and thunder *must* be driven,
> And darkness and destruction, as on high.'

But enough for the present chapter.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1835.

PHANTASMAGORIA—LITTLE JOE SMITH.

No sir! withdrawing a lighted cigar from his mouth and slowly puffing the white thin haze through the green leaves and rich blossoms that overshadowed our seat and quivered in the warm sunshine, like so many live butterflies tipped with leaf gold. I sat watching his handsome countenance through the changeable vapor, with a full determination to understand his character, for I had been told much of him; although I didn't half like the glitter of his eyes nor the quantity of white smoke he breathed forth, day after day, as if his very heart were afire. He was never without a cigar in his mouth. No sir—puff—puff—my object was not so much to injure him, as to prevent him from injuring others, and so—puff—puff—I shot him.

I shuddered; for he was talking not of a dog, nor of a reptile which, God's creatures though they are, men hold it lawful to destroy or crush, whenever they are found lying asleep in the shadow, or partaking of the sunshine which he has appropriated to himself—no! but he was talking of a fellow-creature, a man like himself, and one of the best and bravest, one of the wildest and best-natured men I ever knew. We had been brought up together—[illegible]

[illegible] And [illegible] I [illegible] Aye [illegible] A solitary [illegible] You [illegible] Poor Joe! I never think of him without feeling sorry for the poor [illegible]—And here he threw himself back in a chair, and flinging one handsome leg over the [illegible], and [illegible] of his [illegible] with a gold-headed [illegible] as if [illegible] that was evidently [illegible] ing over him. The [illegible] is [illegible] now [illegible] please to fill—would you like to drink to his memory?

With all my heart, said I, and we rose up and drank to the memory of little Joe Smith.

But how happened the quarrel said I, with an air of indifference; little did he know how profoundly interested I was in the story.

Why, sir—puff—puff—the fact is that poor Joe, puff—though brave as a lion among the fire-eaters, and a capital hand at a song or a story anywhere, to say nothing of a [illegible]—puff—puff—was exceedingly shy of the women—puff—afraid to death of a pretty girl.

Confoundedly altered since I knew him then, said I—he [illegible] anywhere but in the society of women; though he would sit for half a day at a time in their presence, without opening his mouth.

Exactly—my dear sir. The bottle is with you—and then he had such a ridiculous way of flinging up his heels behind, when he made a bow to a fine woman—puff—like a sailor-boy jumping over a dead cat—puff—puff—always shut his eyes when he touched his hat to her—as if he was afraid 'twould go off—or looked another way—puff—puff—as women do, when they pull a trigger for the first time—puff—puff—your very good health sir, here's to our better acquaintance! Poor Joe—I never shall forget his last bow.

His *last* bow!

Exactly. He tripped while bowing to a fine girl, with both eyes shut, and flinging up his heels with that accursed flourish I spoke of—and off came his hat for the first time in his life, I'd swear, just as he pitched head foremost into a gutter, with all the officers looking at him—Tell you how it was. We were all sitting together, pretty much as we are now, enjoying our cigars and claret in a sociable way—with our coats and stocks off, and our linen jackets well spotted with the red-grape I promise you—the sun going down behind the trees you see there—and nearly a hundred square-rigged vessels in sight, just ahead of that bluff yonder all steering different ways—we were all counting them for a wager, and trying to make out the cat's-paws we saw, for the approach of a sea breeze—You never saw anything half so beautiful—just at this moment, while we were sitting there half asleep and more than half tipsy—but that's between ourselves—a carriage drew up just over there—by the millener's shop you see there, and who should spring out and trip round that corner but Olive Gray—the prettiest girl you ever saw—the prettiest girl upon the face of the earth I verily believe—Lord what an eye she had!—puff—puff—and the neatest foot and ancle—whew!—ew!—and so up we all jumped, and flung aside our cigars, for we knew she had a mortal antipathy to cigars, and every man of us had given them up, over and over again for her sake, and she knew it, the gypsey!—and tumbled over one another, to see who should be first in handing her to her carriage. But some had mislaid their sombreros—and some had their shirt-collars open, and their ruffles in a pitiable condition; which gave two or three of us a yard or two of advantage. Well, just as we were all squaring away for a regular-built bow, who should sweep round the corner, right smack in the face of the poor girl, but little Joe Smith himself—poor Joe!—walking steadily along as he always did, with every sail set and both elbows out, his hands in his breeches-pockets, and head stuck forward as if afraid to look up; well! just at that moment—puff—as the devil would have it—and we were all bowing and scraping together to catch her eye, out she tripped and coming all at once upon little Joe, the poor fellow tripped, when he shut his eyes at her, and snatching at his hat, as if he had stepped on a water-melon-seed or a ripe orange-peel—he tumbled head-foremost at her feet—and lay there for half a minute as if he had let off a two-and-forty pounder by mistake—or a wagon-load of sky-rockets, while toying with a lady's indispensible.—The thing was really too ridiculous—and after a long half-suffocating pause, the poor girl gave way, and laughed as if she would kill herself—and we followed suit—puff—puff—whereupon, up jumps my gentleman, and without stopping to wipe off the dust, or even to pick up his rattle-traps which he had scattered far and wide from his breeches-pockets in falling, he took the liberty to say in a voice, none of the mildest, that we were a set of impudent puppies.

Ah.

You may well say ah: for three of us were the best shots in the regiment, and I have no match at the small-sword. Two out of the three happened to be so near at the time, that we couldn't possibly help taking the compliment to ourselves, and what was by no means the most agreeable part of the story—puff—puff—the remark had been heard by Olive Gray.

Well, what then?

What then? Why there was but one thing left for us to do—and so we drew lots—for the major, who knew little Smith well, took me aside and told me in plain English that he must be done for directly, or he would be the death of nobody knew how many of us; adding that he never forgot nor forgave an affront, and had already been out with four officers of the old garrison. So we threw up for first goings in—and I won—

Won, hey.

Yes—puff—and we had a meeting before we slept, and I had the good luck to run him through; and still being dissatisfied—and insisting upon another chance—in the quietest possible way—we exchanged a shot, and he was left upon the field—your very good health sir.—Ah, pulling out his watch—I have outstaid my time. You'll excuse me, but—springing up and changing his white jacket for a splendid uniform coat, and re-establishing a new stock, which he had been preparing over his knee for the last half hour, he left me.

A moment afterward, happening to be at the window, I saw a small man shoot and pass him, and then as if struck with a sudden purpose, turn and follow after him. I was not a little diverted at the idea—for he was lame and carried one arm in a sling, and the man he limped after, was getting ahead at the rate of six miles an hour—

The next moment there was a bustle below, and I distinctly heard the name of Joe Smith whispered about, as if it were dangerous to breathe aloud.

Nonsense man!—nonsense, I tell ye! Didn't I see him run through the body?—and wasn't he left dead on the field—little Joe Smith indeed—I should like to see him appear.

Should ye!—answered another voice—then get your pistols ready, my boy; for as sure as you are standing there little Joe Smith is alive, and now on the track of Harry Hastings; your time will be next—or mine perhaps—

That very night, within two hours after the strange circumstance I have related, the handsome Harry Hastings who had been chatting and laughing with me, and more than half lamenting the death of my old friend Joe, whom he had left for dead on the beach at Gibraltar, the very day before the regiment embarked for the West-Indies, was brought home to that very house, and laid out upon the very table where we had been drinking together, a corpse. Four others were afterwards challenged by Smith. He fought them all—was wounded in every encounter—killed two of his adversaries, became blind, deaf and a cripple for life—and when I last heard of him, was going into his grave, broken-hearted, helpless, with a stiff knee, a part of his jaw shot away—and the reputation of a hero. Lame, blind, afflicted with incurable deafness, and his fortune so impaired as to render him a burden to himself and every body else—he is always mentioned with sympathy—is always little Joe Smith the hero—the man who 'never forgot nor forgave.' N.

THE GROCER'S APPRENTICE.

> 'Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part there all the honor lies.'

So said Alexander Pope—and so says everybody after him who wishes to establish a beautiful theory which he avoids every opportunity to put in practice. We happen, however, to have one acquaintance, who is such a singular oddity, that he never looks one way and rows another—and is [illegible] to [illegible] opinion, that he cannot afford himself one set of principles for conversation, and another for practice. He has adopted Pope's couplet, and is such a [illegible], that he prefers [illegible] to let his actions speak it, than to quote the words—nay, we do not know that he ever repeated them. As an instance of his practical preaching, we give the following anecdote.

In early life, he was an apprentice to a sort of a grocer, dry and fancy goods dealer, who kept a store in Washington, then Marlborough or Main street. 'He acted well his part'—sold tea and sugar, and measured tape with as much honesty as the trade would allow,—or his master, who by the way, was a possessor of two suits of morals, would permit. Getting tired of this occupation, he exchanged it for others—none tending to bring him into the notice of other than those whom he met personally in his business;—till, after the publication of a book, he 'awoke one morning and found himself famous'—though we will answer for him, that he had not an opinion of himself, one whit better after getting into print, than he had while proving Souchong and Gunpowder. This enormity, the book, was not perpetrated in Boston; and shortly after its publication, when in the city, he found hosts of friends, who had become such, on his reputation. Invitations, cards, compliments, etc. flowed upon him so fast, that the stay he had intended for a day only, was protracted two or three weeks. During the flow of this tide of honor, our hero did not let the wings of his newly acquired distinction carry him above himself. As old Rapid, would not sink the tailor, he would not pretend that he did not know Porto Rico from Sugar House molasses, and tape from taste. Still, however, none except a few intimate friends knew his former occupation—and therefore, though he studied no concealment, nobody suspected it.

One friend, who though his Senior, played *Young* Rapid to his *Old*, was earnest in entreaties that he would not obtrude his old line of life upon his new aristocratic acquaintances. Old Rapid (we have introduced the characters, and may as well apply the names) would not listen.—Young Rapid, who was then, and still is, an excellent man, devoid of guile, duplicity, or foolish pride, had more respect for the prejudices of this artificial world, and, though he would have denounced studied concealment, was quite as decided against studied exposure.—Well, while affairs were thus situated, a dinner was given by a very excellent lady of the old school to the lion of the day. Young Rapid in communicating the invitation, gave some good advice to our hero,—how he received it, we cannot tell, but will be sworn he did not promise to follow it, for he never was guilty of so binding himself, in his life. Every thing went off with *eclat*—the lady of the mansion showed up the monster, delighted with the portion of his fame, which she thought was, of necessity hers, as his entertainer. It was Mr Rapid here—Mr Rapid there—nothing but Mr Rapid.

At length, it occurred to the lady that she had seen her guest some where before—she stated her impression, and put herself into a thinking attitude. All present, envious of the precedence she had taken in giving the distinguished man the first dinner, began to tremble with vexation, lest their entertainer should establish the fact that herself and Rapid *were* old acquaintances, and thus immortalize herself, and throw the others altogether into the shade.

Young Rapid was also in agony, but from a cause very different. He dreaded that the incorrigible dog would out with his former calling; and by hints and winks, and kicks under the table besought him to keep still; but Rapid would see or feel none of these supplicatory movements.

'I think it very likely you have seen me madam—*your* countenance looks familiar.

An excruciating pinch from young Rapid.

Well Sir, I was persuaded so—where *could* it be?

Another gripe, worthy of an inquisitor.

'Oh, I recollect perfectly'—the countenances about the table began to indicate a quit claim of the monster, to the lady—that of young Rapid spoke incredulous surprise—but out it came. '*I have shown you samples of tea Ma'am at —— ——'s store.*'

Had the lady detected a counterfeiter or felon at her table, she could not have looked more aghast—she rallied partially—smiled faintly—attempted a laugh—while Young Rapid, relieved by the actual occurrence of what he had shuddered in anticipation, burst into an uncontrolable guffaw. A malicious smile at the discomfiture of the lady ran round the room. Rapid, nothing abashed or disconcerted, ran into conversation, talked all hands into forgetfulness of 'the scene' and, when the party broke up, not one of them thought the less of him for having been a retail grocer's apprentice,—while many *parvenus*, the study of whose life it had been to conceal passages of it, in reality honorable, envied his independence of feeling, and resolved to imitate it. W.

NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.

LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE—*By an American. Harpers, New-York*, 2 vols. Decidedly one of the most entertaining and delightful books we have met with since—we hardly know how long. Written as letters should be written, with a generous, confiding, talkative fullness of heart, and faithfully portraying what the author saw with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, himself a sharp and watchful observer, with an odd habit of judging for himself, it is just exactly such a book as we, with our rude and silly prejudices about the Turks and their habits and manners, have most occasion for.—The simple truth is—and the sooner we acknowledge it the better—we are as a people, most shamefully ignorant of the history, character, and peculiarities of almost every other people upon the face of the globe. Taking all we know upon trust—believing at second-hand—seeing with the eyes and hearing with the ears of *British* travellers—no wonder we have the strangest and falsest notions of every other people but the British—and of them, any but true notions. It is high time this evil were corrected.—National dislikes are dying away. *National antipathies*—the bug-bear of those among the British statesmen of another age, who believed—or at any rate pretended to believe that Englishmen were the *natural enemies* of Frenchmen—even these are rapidly passing away, with a belief in witchcraft and palmistry.

But our people are always hankering after mystification—so that, much will depend after all, upon how the secret of authorship is kept. Let it be generally understood that the celebrated and accomplished—is the real author of these letters, and that they were confidentially addressed to another equally celebrated——out of his desk they were pilfered or lost in a late fire, and who knows but some of our people, by the end of another six months, might not be ready to believe—almost—that a Turkish woman might venture to look a Christian in the face without suffering the punishment of death. Be it known therefore, in confidence however—not to go any farther dear public—that these letters were written by no less a personage than the——of——now at Constantinople, in the character of a——from——United States of North America: and that they were written to the author of Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan——of——New-York——&c. &c.—There the name of the first we should give at length—not being at all afraid of hurting our dear public—but for two reasons. The first is that—believing mystery to be the life and soul of every thing now, but above intrigue, or a Baltimore Convention—we are willing to come out plump in this matter of authorship. The second is, that having some years ago conceived a prejudice against the author of these very letters, from seeing him stuck up at all the windows of our print-shops in a most enormous cocked-hat, for the life of us we could think of nothing but Timothy Dexter—we are more than half afraid of ourselves. It is not often, we promise you, that so capital an opportunity occurs for blowing up a book—for the sake of the author, and without any reference whatever to the book itself, but altogether and entirely on account of some such a thing as that confounded cocked-hat.—So that's our reason—afraid to trust ourselves with the name at full length—can you wonder that we are afraid to trust the dear, *dear* public?

And now, with one short extract from these letters, enough to show the simplicity, manliness and straightforwardness of the writer, we must finish. N.

'If you wish me to sum up the result of all my wanderings, [illegible] and sufferings, [illegible] in a few words. I have found that there is not [illegible] capacity of wisdom [illegible] and virtue [illegible] the different nations of the earth, which the vanity of every people imagines, [illegible] I have found every where the faculties of the human mind, and the virtues of the human heart, [illegible] to the attainment of happiness in the situation in which providence hath placed us; and above all, I have discovered that [illegible] one man's meat is another man's poison, [illegible] those who set themselves up as the standards of excellence, and as models to all nations in every circumstance and situation, are for the most part supremely ignorant blockheads or arrogant coxcombs. This I take to be all that a man gets by taking his own land to go and see that of other people.'

PAULDING'S WORKS—Vol 1 and 2. *Salmagundi—first series!*—Harpers, New York.

Paulding's Works!—Verily, verily, we are on the threshold of another and a mightier revolution than that our bold fathers achieved! What!—can it be possible that we have authors of our own—real flesh and blood authors—whose writings will bear to be gathered together and published under the title of WORKS! What though there are hundreds and hundreds of such in Great Britain, in Germany, Holland, France—and Italy—yea in Russia and every where else indeed on the face of the earth—*Works*, which if the authors had been born here would never have been heard of, a fact which proves our superiority. What though we have a multitude of writers, who if they had had the misfortune to be born over sea, or any where else on the face of the earth, would have had their works gathered together and published to the whole world—another fact which proves how immeasurably inferior the people over sea are to us enlightened Americans, proving what we regard not. Still that we should have any author, George Washington not excepted, whose *Works* or *Writings*, we forget which, by *Jared Sparks*, are just beginning to draw their breath [illegible]—any writer whose *Works* a publisher would be found with sufficient hardihood to announce in so many words, moves our especial wonder.—And then—*the first series of Salmagundi!* Paulding's Works!—and Salmagundi! what associations are stirred up—enkindled rather in the very depth of our boyish recollections by the sight of these names. How the past rushes by us!—with its whole array of callicos, broadcloths, india cottons, tape, needles and buckram, when we ourselves were a shop boy, in a town of some six thousand *souls*—or *inhabitants* rather, and used to sit and listen open-mouthed to the literati of the place, who were qualified to look mysterious and cant their heads o' one side and whisper to one another about Salmagundi, whenever a new number appeared. They were all in the secret—every creature of them. And they made the most of it, I promise you.—Why we could give the names of at least fifty—not to say five hundred young gentleman—who turned authors 'incontinently' as Paulding would say, and published mysteriously—for no better reason than that nobody knew them or was ever likely to suspect them of authorship. In this very town of Portland for example, there was Mr W. C.—then a clerk in somebody's counting-room, now a merchant of Savannah—and C. A. now a merchant of Down East, then a dry goods importer, and the only one that had ever ventured to set himself up, or to let himself down in Portland, barring Mr Arthur Tappan—with two or three more, who shall continue to be nameless—they got up a little work, exactly of the size and shape and outward look of Salmagundi, and christened it with a name having exactly the same number of syllables—and a very good name it was too—Abracadena—which continued to the second or third number, we forget which, and contained among other matters a very diverting account of somebody who intended to climb up a huge pole on the next fourth of July and amuse the multitude by combing out his whiskers and making mouths at them—this was twenty-five years ago and we have neither seen the work since nor heard of it—and the authors were able to maintain their incog for at least twenty-four hours after the appearance of the publication; when, in consequence of some alleged personality, there was a blow up, and a scattering never to come together again; since which the true authorship remains about as perfect a mystery as that of Junius. And then—we remember another case. Not many years ago there appeared at Baltimore, a smart little thing enough, entitled the *Red Book*—a title hit upon for the joke of the thing, we dare say, edited by Mr Cruse and Mr Kennedy (author of Swallow Barn, &c. &c.) which took the field after the same fashion—fired pop-guns behind a palmetto bulwark for a month or two, and then blew up of itself, out of sheer apprehension. But these authors have all rested from their labors, and their works do follow them—if their readers don't. And we could mention fifty more.—But the best of the whole is, though it has nothing to do with this part of our subject. An action for libel was brought against a printer in one of the British West Indies about a dozen years ago; and the printer being put upon his trial produced a copy of Salmagundi from which he had borrowed and published the character of Tom Straddle—the Brumagum Adulterer—we may be out in the name, but we remember the fact, which character happened to be so very faithful as to be instantly applied by the good-natured public to a gentleman, who appealed to the law.—Not a syllable had been suffered to get abroad as to the nature of the defence; and when the party finished by reading the original, there was an end not only of the case, but of the plaintiff.

Now such a book we take it is worth republishing—and though we might, if we would, be very severe with its imitations, particularly of the Citizen of the World by one Oliver Goldsmith, and were we in the humor, would play the very devil with the poetry and other small ware of Salmagundi, yet looking upon it as we do—as the nest egg of the authors—the pulse feeler of men who have since greatly honored their country by feeling not the pulse of individuals but of nations—as the starting point of thousands—the beacon fire—the nucleus—and—ever so many other fine things which have led to the commencement of a national literature, and a national republication—in a word, to the publication of WORKS by American authors, we do say—and we say it solemnly and heartily—if any American refuses to stand by the publishers of such a work—let no such American be trusted—with a copy. N.

NASAL VOWELS OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE—with explanations, exercises and questions.

This little pamphlet appears to have been got up for the private use of the author, Mr Furbish, principal of the Portland High School for females; and we observe at the end an intimation that he is preparing a '*small French grammar*,' for the use of beginners.

It is a fine example of what may be done by a *practical* man, who is not wedded for life and death, to theory—for better or for worse to established usage. He thinks for himself; and being at the same time a scholar, and from long experience familiar with the chief, nay with the most minute difficulties of the *learner* as well as the *teacher* in the study of the modern languages, we know of no man better qualified to produce a work of real value under the name of a *French Grammar*. Mr Furbish's system is his own—this little pamphlet his own—and we have no doubt the grammar, should it ever appear, and we heartily hope it may, will be also his own—as much as grammar ever can be, and a good deal more than it ever has been, at least in the English or French language—all being but reconciliators of the same aggregates.

We recommend it alike to teachers and learners. They will be surprised, and if they understand the French language itself as well as we do, *delighted* with the suggestions therein embodied. N.

THE LADIES' COMPANION. Goes on steadily improving. The last number contains a capital view of *Fort Putnam*, painted by *Weir* and engraved by *Smillie & Durand*, a paltry pattern for embroidery, and a very good piece of engraved—no of *printed* music—in very pale ink, (perhaps the other copies may be darker—and others may not agree with us—but such is our *impression* at any rate) with a great number of articles, original and selected, not only worth reading, but worth keeping.

WINOOSKI IMPETUS!—*Metropolis of Vermont! vol. 1 No. 2.* A waspish little affair, sent to us no doubt because of one spirited paragraph, wherein by way of setting itself up forever, it calls our *senior* editor 'the next thing to an ass'—we have our *junior* to answer that; though we might acknowledge the truth of the charge against ourself, inasmuch as the 'very next thing' to us while we are writing, is the *Winooski Impetus*. There!—that we take it is rather more than the editors themselves could reasonably expect of us by way of a notice.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS: New-York. Number 1. Price one cent. Here is a paper which promises to be what is written upon its front, an *Independent Press*. If so, it will be a blessing to the country. Let no unfledged Editor be in the receipt of thousands or tens of thousands, even at so small a beginning—one cent a number. The Penny Magazine has employed thousands of working compositors; and a cent paper, if truly independent, may and ought, may *still* make the fortune of its projectors, or at least of its proprietors. This is the first number we have seen. The lines to *the Dead Poet*, by McDonald Clarke, are equal to anything in our language for vigor, [illegible] and healthiness. The following would have immortalized Swift, or Drydes, ay—*or Southey* himself, or Byron.

> He was left, by those sundown-friends, to droop,
> When his doom would have turned, on the roll of a dollar,
> Spirits, lifted like his can never stoop
> In the bye-way of Fortune, their interest to follow,
> Cannot sneak to contrivance, and cunning, and trick—
> Scorn the trumpet, the Tinkers of Fame, are letting—
> Puffs may bloat small names, till Contempt is sick,
> *And the Public pukes on the Booby she's petting.*

The author alludes to the late proposition—rather late, hey!—of some good fellows at Boston to build up a monument for the young poet Rockwell, at Mount Auburn. We hope they may do it, notwithstanding Mr Clark's admirable [illegible]—which appear to have been suggested partly by his own private experience, and partly by Moore's noble Monody on Sheridan.

P. S. Rockwell's first poetry was written for the Yankee, and sent with the feeling of a trembling girl—the Ice Berg was the first, and being published with remarks by the Editor—poor Rockwell was encouraged to proceed.—He never wrote anything equal to it afterward—yet, had he been worthily encouraged, he would; for his heart was a furnace of molten ore. N.

RAILROADS are now the only travelling conveyance, [illegible] stage coach and [illegible], is looked at as a [illegible] the vehicle which conveyed our fathers on their journeyings would have been but a short time since, when the drivers were in full feather, and their silk tipped lashes on the fly. We have spoken of the superior and thorough manner in which the Lowell road is built, and are bound to say no less for their locomotives and passenger cars. The arrangements for the convenience of passengers at the depot in Leverett street excellent. To ensure punctuality on the part of the passengers, as well as the cars, the office is large, and furnished with settees, that females particularly will find a great convenience, as, if they wait at the depot, they can be under shelter, unexposed to a boiling sun, clouds of dust, or other inconvenience of any description that shelter can obviate. Having occasion to visit the depot the other morning, just before the hour of starting, we were much amused at the hurried salutations of a number of friends, whom we met on their way to the cars as we came up Leverett and Court streets. A hasty nod, given as though a nod would impede their progress and lose their passage, was the recognition of some;—others could only spare a grin indicative of haste and a wish to be civil, nevertheless;—others again actually stretched out a hand and touched fingers as one passes a partner in the dance, where the loss of a step may embarrass a whole cotillion set. One had the desperate hardihood to stop short—and—blew,—'I would like to stop, said he—but I can't,' and away he went again like a rocket. Oh this steam locomotive!—The cars, like Falstaff's wit, not only move quick themselves, but are the cause of expedition in others. W.

RAILROAD FROM PORTLAND TO QUEBEC. As at present informed, we are rather inclined to believe this a very sensible project. If done by private subscription, make it appear practicable—in one sense of the word it is practicable now; that is it may be done—but practicable in that other and better sense which looks upon whatever is *unwise* as *impracticable*, and upon whatever is wise, as *practicable*—make it appear *practicable* in the last sense of the word, and we, ourselves, would answer for the funds being obtained in a month almost any where, even in Boston. Portland herself would furnish half a million at least toward the amount required. And as for the State—why she could do it herself, and become the richer for it, though the money so invested yielded *nothing* for half a century in the shape of interest. [illegible] and here [illegible] to be understood—*But* whether it is to run from Quebec to Portland, or from Quebec to Belfast, or Bangor, or even from Quebec to Boston, meeting the Lowell Railroad, is a matter of but secondary importance, compared with the great, the magnificent, the statesman-like question of a Railroad from *British America* to the *Atlantic* sea shore—That's the thing after all! stop where it may! Undoubtedly the places, *through* which and *near* which it runs and terminates, will be most profited; but then all other places in the State, ay, and all other places in New England, will be benefitted by it. In fact, if the road be judiciously concluded with reference to the great object, that of bringing the Canadas and the Atlantic as near together as they can be brought, even the places *through* which, and *near* which it does *not* run, will derive more advantage from it, *indirectly*, than they ever would *directly* from a road constructed with narrow views to their own especial, immediate and short-sighted advantage. In a word, if we open the very high-way that is wanted, it will enrich New-England. If not—it will ruin the stockholders and impoverish the very neighborhood through which it runs. The question to be sure whether Portland shall be a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, instead of *twenty-five*, at the end of a dozen years at most, is important in itself and to the Portland people—but absolutely trivial when compared with the question—whether New-England and British America shall be brought nearer together by hundreds of miles—into closer and more intimate relationship—the Canadas with the Atlantic—the Old World with the New.

N. B. They are alive in Portland on the subject—and that's a good deal to say for that sleepy, good-for-nothing neighborhood—we speak of it as it *was*, not as it *is*—and they are alive too further Down-East, where if the *Portlanders* don't look out, they'll find the Down-Easters a leetle too far north for them.

P. S. What's become of the Portland Exchange? N.

ABUSE OF AUTHORITY. 'Vagrom men' must be arrested, but it does not follow that they must be abused.—The other day we happened to be a witness of the delicate way some of our police have of '*picking up*' a miserable,—and a dead dog would not have been treated with less feeling. He was caught up and *thrown* into a cart so violently that his bones rattled against the plank,—as it were a dead fall, like a bag of sand, which would be heard from a gentle toss; but the actual knock of his head and elbows like the concussion of hard substances. We warrant that when that man gets his trial, he will have to sweat for abusing an officer, for he aimed a blow at those above him, when they jammed him down—as who would not?—We shall cease to wonder at the violence of criminals when arrested, if such be the mode of taking them. A person so maltreated who would not resist, would deserve the penitentiary for his lack of manliness. W.

FRANCE. Never persuade yourselves, our dear public, that magnanimous Old France, will so far forget what is due to *herself*, as not to shell out the money she has acknowledged over and over again to be due to us, even though our President should refuse to make a leg for it. No, no—that would never do! Her chief orators have boasted that she is above taking advantage of an insult, to get rid of an honest debt; and now—wouldn't she cut a ridiculous figure enough, to refuse payment, with the eyes of all Europe fixed upon her, simply because her creditor has been rather less reverential in his importunity than crowned heads are accustomed to be—when dealing together?

Let France remember that we are *Republicans*; that we make no pretensions to the mealy-mouthed high-breeding of the Bourbons or Sultans. With us, a debt is a debt—and good faith a thing to be insisted upon, without much roundaboutness or delay. N.

FOURTH OF JULY. George S. Hilliard Esq. is to deliver the oration at the city celebration of this anniversary on Saturday next. We understand that all the Light Infantry Companies of the city have been invited to perform the escort duty, and that a collation is to be provided for them at Faneuil Hall.—The inhabitants of South Boston have made arrangements to celebrate the day in their part of the city—and Dr. J. V. C. Smith is to be their orator.

In Beverly, where the day has for twenty years been [illegible] by any public exercises, Hon. Edward Everett is to deliver an oration. Dinner will be provided in a pavilion, erected for that purpose, on the Common.

In Lynn, they are to have two party celebrations. The Whigs have invited Hon. Rufus Choate of this city as their orator—the Jacksonmen, Robert Rantoul Esq. of Gloucester.

At West Bradford too, the young ladies of the Academy are getting up a celebration among themselves, with original Odes, two Orations, etc. as we find by an Order of Exercises which is being printed at this office.

CHEESE PARINGS.

AMBIGUITY. Do they like you?—What is the meaning of that question? Is it do they like you—that is, do they resemble you in what they do? Or is it—Do they *like* you—that is, are you a favorite with them? He's no mind of his own, you will hear them say of a fellow who has at least half a dozen minds of his own—six times more than the very people who complain of him. No mind of his own! Why we are acquainted with a man of this character, who if he were choosing a lottery-ticket, would be sure to consult with all the bystanders—that's the man for my money —being a lawyer: such men have a mind for every moment of their lives—too many minds of their own, that's the fault. I have known a fellow with what is called a mind of his own—go nine weeks with one idea—I might have said months—or years. I know another who always makes up his mind at once. Talk of the discretion of a cannon ball! —he goes at every undertaking with the heedlessness of a grasshopper—head first—hit or miss.

We often hear people say of a *shirtless* man that he is *shiftless*—What can be the meaning of this?—and the origin? If the witch of Endor were alive now and acquainted with Dr Samuel Johnson, we'd have him up to settle the question. Peaches make excellent *preserves.* I should like to have *some preserved.* So should I if they were worth destroying. *Please give the interpretation hereof.*

A CASE STATED. A and B have a talk together about C. B. dislikes him. A. likes him. A. admits him to be a bad writer, to give value to his opinion that he is a good speaker. B. admits him to be a capital writer to give value to *his opinion* that he is a wretched speaker. There are but two cases where men had rather stultify themselves than give credit to an adversary—One is where they are beaten at a game of chess—when they are pretty sure to charge the result to their own stupid blundering rather than to the skill of their adversary: and the other—when they are mistaken for something better than they are: in which case, they never think of claiming credit for themselves—no! indeed! But they always charge it to the rawness or stupidity of the deceived person. An English footman, for example, if you bow to him, or say Sir—never thinks of imagining that the error arose from his own respectable appearance, or gentlemanly air, but always take it for granted that the person who does either is no gentleman. To admit that we are wrong is hard enough—but not half so hard as to admit that another *is* right.

GRAMMAR. I expected to have dined yesterday with Mr A. Is there no possible case where this form of speech would be correct? Let us see. I expected at 2, P. M. to have already dined with Mr A. When? At half past one. The devil you did! You *expect* things then after they are past, and impossible. Yet there are analogical cases which it would puzzle the best grammarian alive to explain. For example: I would *have been* there at 2, P. M. if I could. He should have been there. Now, in the name of all that is understandable in grammar, what *is* the difference in *principle*, between these two phrases, both of which are unquestionable English, and the following?—I intended to have been there. Yet that, we take it, is downright newspaper English—not to say fourth-of-July English: the proper phrase being—I intended *to be* there. For who ever intended or expected to *have been*?—The difference therefore!—the difference!

MANKIND. How presumptuous—how confident—how careless men are! People read from morning to night, all their lives through; are accustomed to reading letters of all shapes and sizes, over shop doors, and in title-pages; and yet, there is not one person in five hundred who can print his own name tolerably—not one in a thousand who can probably show the difference between A. G. and A. C; or whether a letter should slant—say—on what side the M. the A. the W. or the V. should be shaded? Yet more—you may see signs painted with the shadow on the wrong side—we know of multitudes in a large city; one is before us now, MERRILL'S WHARF, in letters a foot or two long; and yet the W. is shaded on the right instead of the left side, and the A. on the left instead of the right. Verily, verily, may it be said that people have eyes, and do not see—all are so strangely averse to *seeing for themselves.*

Take another example,: shew a good judge of painting a good portrait and a good likeness of his most intimate friend—upside down—we don't like the phrase bottom upwards, having seen a very honest fellow get himself into a very awkward scrape with it once—and see if he can judge of likeness or drawing, or of any thing indeed but the color. Yet portrait painters are in the habit of turning their portraits up, merely that they may see just what they want and nothing more, the general effect, or the light and shadow which constitute breadth. Twilight is a favorite hour with them for studying their own pictures by in a large exhibition room. The faults are gone—the details—nothing but the masses are left.—How hard it is to see!—All have to learn to see. Yet nobody knows it: and they who have eyes—and always employ them as they think, do not and cannot see.

EXTRAVAGANT ENTERPRISES. Greater things have been done by those who have attempted *too much* than by any other class of people: the greatest, by those—and those only who have attempted *impossibilities.* The most patient, painstaking, shrewd, sensible and judicious are but blockheads and idlers to them. N.

PRIZE POEM. If our successful poetical friend who obstinately persists in his silence, will shew any way, by which we may be sure he will receive it, we will send him his money. But we cannot throw it into the fog, and if he gets in a passion—and refuses us 'the sign,' all we can do in the case, is to *pocket* the affront. Seriously, we wished to have delivered it long ago, and only wait the 'proof' that Mr. Incog *is* really and truly the successful competitor.

MR WELD—The 'Chapter on Whaling,' in the New England Magazine, was not written by Warland, but by a Boston lad, whose anonymous productions have sometimes appeared in your paper.—And as the W. appears to trouble you, he will in future assume the signature of W. A. G.

Boston, June 22, 1835.

No trouble at all my dear fellow, but if you *will* trouble us with a communication over W. A. G. or any other letters, we shall be obliged—and will tell you after seeing it, whether you did write the Chapter on Whaling or not. W.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen, on Monday:

Benjamin Pollard was re-appointed City Marshal, and Caleb Hayward Clerk of Faneuil Hall Market. John Wilson and John Pratt, were appointed Constables.

The ordinance for preventing and extinguishing fires, establishing a Fire Department, was passed in concurrence with the Common Council, as amended.

The order appointing a Chief Engineer on the part of the Common Council, was read and laid on the table.

A communication was received from Wm H. Tileston, declining to be considered a candidate for the office of Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, which was read and filed.

Petition of Whitwell, Bond & Co. and others, to have the level of Water street raised; and of George Howe, to have mill street raised and paved. Referred.

Resolve passed to widen Salem street, by cutting off the front of the estate of Mr Edwards, near the sugar house estate.

Petition of Isaac Davis and others, to have Hanover street widened near the head thereof; and of John Pierce and others to have Washington street widened near the Washington Coffee House. Referred.

The whole Board viewed the route of a proposed street, from Richmond across Salem street, to Cooper street.

The subject of Second street, at South Boston, was referred to the Committee on streets.

The form of taking the Census, was passed in concurrence.

The order appropriating a sum of money for building a sea wall to connect the wharves of the House of Industry and Correction, at south Boston, was passed in concurrence.

Petition of Thomas Robinson, for leave to take water by suction from a well in Gouch street, to South Margin street. Referred.

The order appropriating a sum of money to build tombs in the South burial ground, was passed in concurrence.

James Sheridan Knowles, sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 16th inst. He will return in November next, with his wife and daughter.

The Hartford Review says, that some of the persons engaged in the late negro riots have been arrested.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT. A young lad about 15 years of age, on a visit to the Menagerie in Union street, yesterday morning at an early hour, while the keepers were employed in preparing out, approached within a few inches of the Leopard's cage, one of the bars in front of which had been left for a moment open. The Leopard instantly seized his arm and drew it into the cage, lacerating it in a shocking manner. His cries alarmed the keepers, three of whom seized the animal by the head, to prevent his retreating to the back of the cage, and after much difficulty the lad was extricated from his perilous situation. The prompt and judicious action of the keepers, happily saved his life; in an instant longer his head would have been crushed by the infuriate animal. The boy was taken home, and Dr. Hayward called. He is not considered dangerously injured, though his arms are dreadfully torn and bitten by the teeth of the animal.—*Transcript of Thursday.*

A man by the name of Samuel Dannell, has been bound over for trial at the Court of Common Pleas in Middlesex County, upon a charge of setting fire to a carpenter's shop, belonging to T. H. Bayley, burnt at Lechmere Point, on Sunday night.

It has been decided by verdict in the U. S. Court in Rhode Island, that the captains of Steam Boats have a right to prohibit agents of stages from coming on board their boats to procure passengers. The case was Jenks, agent of the Tremont stages, vs Capt. Coleman of the Benjamin Franklin, who put Jenks forcibly on shore at Newport. It was argued by Mr Webster for plaintiff, and Mr Whipple for defendant. The jury gave a verdict for Captain Coleman in fifteen minutes.—*Boston Advocate.*

The Baltimore Gazette says—An affair of honor took place on Wednesday afternoon at Govanstown woods, between Lieut. B. W. Wright of the Navy, and George Stiles, Esq. of Chestertown, Md. After an ineffectual fire, the former expressed himself satisfied, and the *affair* terminated.

Wm Taylor, who was tried at Norfolk, Va, in Nov last, and sentenced to *six* years imprisonment, had a new trial granted him, which resulted in his being condemned to *nine* years imprisonment. Poor encouragement as this seems to be, his counsel have moved for a third trial.

Forty-nine steamers passed through the Louisville and Portland Canal (Ky) on the Ohio, during the week previous to June 9th—paying $2540 canal tolls. Thirty-five new steamers have passed through since Jan 1st. Receipts from that date to June 9th, $22,655, which is 6,517 more than in the same period last year.

Mr. Livingston, who arrived at New York on Monday in the frigate Constitution, stated to the citizens who waited upon him in great numbers, "that his return to the United States is not to be taken as an evil omen. Among the reasons for it is the desire to put the President in possession of his views more fully than he could well do by letter. He has not perceived among the people or in the government of France, any hostile disposition towards us." He was received on landing by a large concourse of people who greeted him with enthusiastic cheers. The nature of his communications to the government, may be inferred from his language, to be a pacific rather than a warlike nature.

New York has been the scene of many riots during the nights of the present week.

A very destructive Tornado devastated a large tract of country near New Brunswick, N. J. on Friday week.—The vicinity of Patterson, also suffered.

TROUBLES IN ALABAMA. A letter from Gov. Gayle to the Secretary of War, dated May 27th, represents that serious troubles exist in the counties of Macon and Russell in that State—that the white population are less numerous than the Indians, and that constant altercation is taking place between them, and that several white travellers have been murdered.

LAW OF PRINTERS. We learn from a gentleman who was present, that in the case of Arnolds vs Clifford, tried at Newport last week, Judge Story upon an incidental point, stated that a promise on the part of the writer of the libel to indemnify the printer of it, against any damage he might sustain for printing, could not be enforced.—Even if a bond were taken, that would be void.—[*New York Journal of Commerce.*

A man by the name of Long was recently tried at the Albany Mayor's Court, and convicted of one of the most diabolical acts of which we have lately read. He went to the farm of Mr Isaiah Townsend, a few miles from the city of Albany, killed and skinned a fine young English cow, brought the skin to the city and sold it for two dollars. He was sentenced to three years imprisonment at Sing Sing.

It is stated in the New York Gazette, that by the Tornado at New Brunswick, the number of buildings destroyed and injured cannot be less than one hundred and fifty, and the loss of property not less than $100,000.

SAVANNAH, June 18. 23,000 dollars, part of the money stolen from the Branch Bank of Darien, found.—We are gratified to have it in our power to state that $23,000 of the large amount purloined from the Bank was yesterday recovered. It was discovered yesterday morning by a negro drayman, stowed away among some cotton bales on Johnston's wharf. We learn that the negro who found it, behaved with his characteristic honesty, by immediately informing a gentleman of the fact. He will, without doubt, receive a liberal reward for this honest trait in his character. His name is Charles, and is owned by Mr. Wall, of Spring Hill.—*Georgian.*

The Haverhill Banner speaks cheeringly of the prosperity of business in that town—and confidently predicts the construction of a Railroad between Haverhill and Boston.

The Intendant of Charleston offers a reward of $1000 for the 'apprehension and proof to conviction of the person or persons who may have caused the recent destructive fire in that city.'

The Lowell Courier states that a young man, by the name of David Danforth, about twenty-two years of age, was killed on the rail-road on Tuesday afternoon, about four miles from Lowell. The locomotive, Patrick, just put upon the road, with a train of cars, was returning from Boston. Mr. Danforth was standing on one of them, his head struck against a bridge over the road, with such force as to kill him almost instantly.

EX-SECRETARY DUANE is said to be the author of the new novel of Blackbeard. If so, it is a pity he had not followed the advice of Prince Talleyrand, who said to another Prince, 'Never write a book; if you do, we shall know all that your brains are worth for as many francs as your book will cost. No man of sense writes books.—Socrates never wrote a book;—and as to Frederick the Great, Julius Cæsar, &c., they are the rare exceptions, and their books must have been written to lead people astray.' Perhaps Blackbeard was written for the same purpose, and not to acquire its author fame as a novel writer, for it fails in that. *Charleston Mercury.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Jacob Clements to Abigail Pool; Samuel Wilson to Roxana Emerton; Lazarus Bowker to Margaret C. F. Valentine; Asa Page to Julia A. Hatch; Thomas W. Hardy to Betsey Peterson; Thomas R. Foster to Ann Caroline Alley; Wm M. Loring to Ann C. L. Wentworth; Jacob Johnson to Abigail P. Randall.

At Roxbury, Wm A. Stearns to Lydia B. Beals; Wm Dove Jr to Mary Mirick; Henry Wilson to Mary S. Champney.

At Charlestown, George E. Edmands to Charlotte A. Brown.

At Cambridgeport, Andrew Boardman to Anne Emery.

At Brookline, James Tinkham to Sarah R. Bell.

At Manchester, Dr Ezekiel W. Leach to Charlotte E. Foster.

At New Hampton, N. H. Augustus L. Welles, of this city, to Elizabeth M. Brown, of Charlestown.

In New York State, by Nathan Green Esq. May 30, Hiram Brundage to Thirza Rasco, widow of Abraham Rasco, all of Stanwich. We understand from a source worthy of credit, that the young man who led the Widow Rasco to the altar, first made love to the widow on the Saturday previous to their marriage; after a few hours' courtship he made love to $40 in specie and a French watch belong to the fair one, made off to New York with his booty; the widow made after him, caught him, and Esquire Green made them man and wife.—[Stamford Sentinel.

At Cincinnati, George W. Leonard Esq. of Madison, Indiana, to Charlotte Farnum of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, the venerable Ebenezer Pemberton, L. L. D. 89; Anthony Lopez, of Salem, 45; Lydia W. Thayer, 48; Mrs Mary Zeigler Perrin, wife of George Perrin, 34; Mrs Sarah Loring, wife of Otis Turner, 20.

At Roxbury, suddenly, at the residence of his daughter, Hon Martin Kinsley, late of Hampden, Me. 81.

At Cambridge, Joseph Foster, Esq. 80.

At Salem, Ebenezer Seccomb, Esq. 57.

At Concord, Miss Elizabeth Bartlett, 91. She was the daughter of Benj B. a ship carpenter of Boston, who lived at the foot of Fort Hill about a hundred years ago.

At Hardwick, widow Mary Billings, 97 years and 21 days, the oldest inhabitant, and is believed to have been the first white child born in the town.

At New Hampton, N. H. of consumption, Sumner Russell, artist, of Boston, 27.

At New York, of apoplexy, Samuel Whittemore Esq. President of the Greenwich Bank, and formerly of this city, 61.

At Philadelphia, Don Francisco Tacon Y. Rosique, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of her Catholic Majesty, near the Government of the U. States.

In Kentucky, Hon Amos Davis, late a Representative in Congress.

At Havana, Isaac W. Smith, of Charlestown, 26.

At Montezuma, Va. of consumption, John Milton, son of Thomas S. McCleland Esq. 18. He was blind from his birth, and late a pupil of the institution in Boston.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
FOR CASH,
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
THOMAS C. WALES,
No 136 Washington Street
tf

THE FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE
AMERICAN GALLERY,
SUMMER STREET,
OPENED on Wednesday, June 17th, at 7 o'clock, with a collection of 150 Paintings, most of which are the works of American Artists, and have not been before exhibited in this city.
Admittance 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. Catalogue 12 1-2 cents.
june 20 H. C. PRATT.

MATTRESSES, FEATHER BEDS, TICKING, &c.
JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.
J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.
june 27

NEW BOOK.
RELIGIOUS ENTERTAINMENT, being a series of interesting narrations and other valuable religious works, in a cheap form, suited to all classes of society; adapted to remind them of their important duties, at the same time that they afford the most pleasing and interesting amusement. To be issued monthly.
The present number contains, The Laborer and his Wife; being one of a series issued quarterly, by the Rev Charles B. Taylor, M. A., under the title of Social Evils and their Remedies. Received by S. COLMAN, at old stand of Lilly, Wait & Co. june 27

TO THE PUBLIC.
CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW. A CARD.—*MR. MAELZEL* has the honor to announce, that in compliance with the numerous requests of his friends, and the citizens generally, he intends to open the Mechanical Panorama of the Conflagration of Moscow once more in Boston. In communicating this intention, Mr. Maelzel begs leave also to state, that the present will be the last season during which he can have the pleasure of directing this exhibition in the presence of an American audience. On no future occasion will the same spectacle be conducted by Mr. Maelzel in the United States. Of this the community are positively assured.
Having disposed of the entire Panorama of the Burning of Moscow, it will be delivered to the company of purchasers immediately after the expiration of the limited period for which it is to remain in Mr. Maelzel's possession, at Concert Hall.
The first representation will take place as soon as the necessary arrangements shall have been completed; of which due notice will be given in the journals of the day.
june 27

NEW BOOKS.
JENKYN ON THE ATONEMENT.—The extent of the atonement in its relation to God and the Universe. By Thomas W. Jenkyn. With an introduction, by Rev. Daniel L. Carroll, Pastor of the first Presbyterian Church, Brookline, N. Y.
The Influence of Mothers on the character, welfare and destiny of individuals, families and communities, illustrated in a series of anecdotes, with a preliminary essay on the same subject. By Charles A. Goodrich.
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. june 27

BOSTON AND BANGOR
STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
NOTICE is hereby given, that the proprietors on the 17th June current, of the shares of the old stock of the Boston and Bangor Steamboat Company, have the option of subscribing to the additional shares created by a recent vote of the Stockholders in proportion of *one* share of said new stock for one share of said old stock—provided such proprietors give notice in writing to the Treasurer, at the American Insurance Office in Boston, on or before the 27th inst. of their election to take their proportion of said new stock; and provided the assessment of sixty dollars for each new share is paid to the Treasurer, at the City Bank, on or before the first day of July next; and if any such proprietor omit to take and pay for such share or shares as he may be entitled to within the time aforesaid, the right to take the same will be forfeited, and the same will be disposed of for the benefit of said Corporation. An assessment of sixty dollars for each share of said new stock has been voted, payable on the first day of July next, and the proprietors of said additional shares are required to pay the said assessment on or before the said first day of July next, at the City Bank in Boston. FRANCIS J. OLIVER,
june 20 Treasurer.

RICH MUSLINS.
ONE CASE new style Printed Muslins, plaids and stripes, fast colors. Received for sale by E. F. NEWHALL, 179, Washington street. 3tis june 6

REMOVAL.
MOSES WHITNEY, Watch Maker, informs his friends and the public that he has removed from No. 1 Dock Square to No. 6 Brattle Square, between the Brattle street Church and Elm street, where his customers may find their Watches previously left to be repaired, and where personal attention will be devoted to repairing Watches, Clocks, and Timepieces, of every description, for all who will please favor him with their custom. 3mis march 14

NEW JEWELRY
ESTABLISHMENT,
LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington-street, Joy's Building—
Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.
☞The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.
april 18 is3m

DRY GOODS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Rouen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.
4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to shrink in washing.
2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.
1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Dometts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s pr yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.
ELIAB STONE BREWER,
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

TO TEACHERS.
GREENLEAF'S National Arithmetic, upon the Analytic and Synthetic Methods, in which the principles of Arithmetic are explained and illustrated in a perspicuous and familiar manner; containing, also, practical systems of Mensuration, Guaging, Geometry, Book-keeping, &c. and much practical information connected with Trade and Commerce, forming a complete Mercantile Arithmetic; designed for Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M. Preceptor of Bradford Academy.
The work will be comprised in about 300 pages of the duodecimo form, handsomely printed on good type and paper, and neatly and strongly bound.
The above work is in progress of printing, and will be published in August ensuing, by ROBERT S. DAVIS and GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Publishers of School Books, Boston.
☞Orders respectfully solicited. june 6

LINEN SHIRT
COLLARS AND BOSOMS.
KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—
100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,
100 do do do Plain do do
200 do Medium quality do do do
150 do do Stitched do do
200 do Common do Plain do do
Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.
☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 26

[illegible] Advertisements appear upon the [illegible] The attention of [illegible] requested [illegible] otherwise [illegible] till forbid and [illegible] accordingly.

BIBLES.
SCOTT'S Family Bible; Cottage Family Bible, in rich bindings; Comprehensive Bible; Polyglot Bible and Testaments in [illegible]. And a great variety of editions in elegant and common bindings, for sale at the Bookstore, two doors East of the Hotel. april 4

PRINTING.
THE Subscriber would respectfully remind his friends and the public that he continues to execute orders for *PRINTING* of every description, with neatness and despatch. J. R. NEWHALL.
Lynn, April 4, 1835. 2d door East of the Hotel.

JUST RECEIVED.
BY J. R. NEWHALL, 1st and 2nd doors east Lynn Hotel, a new assortment of articles in the book, stationery and fancy goods line, among which are a prime lot of Rogers' Penknives, Silver Pencil Cases, Metal Pens, Quills, Paper, Cards, Ink Stands, Writing Books, &c.
Lynn, Feb 14

FALL AND WINTER GOODS
THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street an extensive assortment of Broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Camblets, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings, Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.
Also, a fresh supply of Rogers's [illegible] Stocks.
ROPES & LAMSON.
R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn, sept 20.

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.
JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

FOR THE DEAF.
THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.
They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.
For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52. Water st.
may 16 istf

THE ORIGINAL
GOLDEN COMB.
A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs,* Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 23

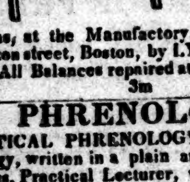
FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C
E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints, large and small figures, of best kind; Printed Lace Muslins, rich new style. A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain and plaided, good styles; French Ginghams, fine, similar to the Plaided Silks; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. of various kinds; Printed Silk Muslins, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses; Merino Shawls; Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs; a few very splendid embroider'd Scarfs; Merino Bombazines; light colors French Merinos, for children's wear; large and small check'd, fig'd and stripe Cambrics; Jaconets; mull, book and Swiss Muslins; imitation Cambricks and Bishop Lawns; Linen Cambrics; linen and linen cambric Hdkfs; col'd Table Covers; linen Damask Cloths; birdseye Diaper; stout Russia Damask; Linens, grass bleach, for family use, low by the piece; Long Lawns; French Centre Table Covers, very splendid; bleached Shirtings and Sheetings; a large assortment of last color Calicoes; superfine, middling and low Broadcloths; Cassimeres, Satinets; Flannels, &c. &c.
These goods are of recent purchase, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. march 28

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.
A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6

OLD JAVA COFFEE,
ROASTED, Ground, and put up in neat canisters, ready for use, wholesale or retail. The subscriber will also send for, roast and grind Coffee at short notice, and return the same to any part of the city, free of expense, for two dollars per hundred. He also keeps constantly on hand pulverized Loaf Sugar, a beautiful article for bar or family use. All kinds of Spices ground at short notice, by J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street.
march 28

CIDER.
350 BBLS Refined Cider, a very superior article for bottling, for sale by
HOLBROOK & MOODY,
No. 218, Ann-street, corner of Sun Court st.
Also, for sale, a quantity of bottled Cider, as above
☞Cider delivered to any part of the city free of expense. 3m march 7

PORK, LARD, BACON, &C.
OHIO PORK, LARD and BACON—Barrels Clear, Mess and Prime Pork,
De Joles and Heads do,
Lard in barrels and kegs,
Hhds Hams and Shoulders Bacon,
Bbls Sausage Skins.
Also—Boston Clear Pork in bbls and half bbls—bbls Mess, No 1 and Prime Beef—half bbls Mess and Prime Mess do—half bbls Neats Tongues &c—in lots to suit purchasers—for sale by J. & N. FISHER, at Nos 74 & 76 Faneuil Hall Market. 1m june 6

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.

PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.
N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

PHRENOLOGY.
PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,
may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

FOR SALE IN OHIO.
A TRACT of 18,000 acres of rich land in the town of Worthington and on the big Walnut creek, twelve miles from Columbus the seat of government. Apply to J. A. FOSTER, Land Office, No 7 Congress street, upstairs.
dec 20 tf

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON
ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.* The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.
april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

WATCHES & JEWELRY.
THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No. 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.
Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.
june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

MAVERICK HOUSE.
THE public are respectfully informed that this extensive establishment is now open for their accommodation, under the direction of the subscriber, who will make every exertion to render it worthy of patronage.
The Road to Lynn, Salem, &c. and the East Boston Ferry, are also open for public travel.
J. W. BARTON.
East Boston, May 27th, 1835. may 30

DRAWING MATERIALS.
JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:
Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade; Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 53 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils; Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Palette; China Saucers; [illegible] cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink; Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

PRINTED MUSLINS AND
JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. May 16.

IRISH LINEN
WAREHOUSE.
BENJAMIN JACOBS, Jr. No. 48, Washington-st. has received a complete assortment of superior 7-8 and 4-4 Irish Linens and 9-8, 5-4, 6-4, 10-4 and 11-4 Linen Sheetings and Pillow Case Linens. Among the assortment of 4-4 Linens will be found a very heavy and superior style, entirely undressed; a few cases extra fine for collars and bosoms of shirts from 7-6 to 11-3 per yard; a few bales extra fine Russia Diapers and Crash; together with the following extensive assortment of housekeeping articles, viz:—

Table Cloths.
4 cases DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, from 9-8 to 24-4, many of which are extra fine, with Napkins and Doilies to match.
Table Napkins.
Fine Table Napkins and Doilies; extra fine unbleached Linen Doilies; do Napkins; fine French Towels; variety of colored Doilies.
Worsted Cloths.
3 cases elegant worsted Table Cloths, variety of colors, sizes from 9-8 to 20-4; 3-4 by 5-4 worsted and cotton work table Cloths; extra fine worsted Piano Covers; Russia, Irish and Scotch Towelling, of fine quality.
Irish and Scotch Goods.
Superior 6-4, 7-4, 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Irish and Scotch Double Damask; white Marseilles Toilet Covers; best Marseilles Quilts, sizes from 10-4 to 16-4.
American Cotton.
Best quality 7-8, 4-4, 9-8 and 5-4 American Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings.
Blankets.
Extra fine double mill'd Rose Blankets; Crib do.
Cambrics.
Super Long Lawns and Linen Cambrics.
Linen Cambric Hdkfs.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Linen Cambric Hdkfs—among which are fine Hemstitch, plain and wrought corners, gentlemen's 4-4 extra fine, white & colored borders.
Flannels.
An extensive variety of white Flannels, suitable for the approaching season, among which are several kinds, well known not to shrink in washing viz:—Rogers's Patent, 4-4 and 6-4 Silk Wool, fine Gauze Flannel, manufactured of worsted, a beautiful article for summer wear.

☞Purchasers in want of superior fabrics, are invited to examine the assortment. 2m april 11

SILKS AND CALICOES.
3 CASES black and col'd Gro de Nap Silks;
3 do nice and low priced English Calicoes;
1 do do do do Irish Linens;
1 do black Cotton Hose;
1 do white do do
1 do slate do do (low priced)
2 do American Prints, do do
1 do Rouen Cassimeres, for children's wear;
1 do plain and small check'd English Ginghams;
2 cartoons Blond Gauze Veils;
3 do Sewing Silk Shawls;
3 do Fancy Hdkfs;
Together with a good assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, and Satinetts.
1500 yds light Calicoes, new patterns, just received from auction, for sale at 1 shilling per yd, by CHARLES ADAMS, 115 Hanover street. 5t may 2

DRY GOODS.
THE Subscriber having just received his full assortment of
RICH SPRING GOODS,
from the late importations, is now prepared to offer to his friends and customers a very rich and extensive assortment, consisting in part of the following; viz—

1 case super rich col'd fig'd Silks,	80 cts
1 do do do do Poult de Soie,	75
1 do do do do and blue bk do	62 1-2
1 do do do do do Gro de Naples,	50
1 do do do do do do do	42
1 do fellow edge Gro de Swiss,	75
1 do do do do do	70
1 do do white do do	62 1-2
1 do rich 4-4 pink French Prints,	50
1 do do do new style French Ginghams	36
1 do do do do do London do	28
1 do do do do do do Prints.	25
3 cartoons super rich French Fancy Silk Hdkfs from	25 cts to $1
3 do do do red Merino Shawls from	3 50 to $16

Together with a great variety of Gloves, Hose, Corded Skirts, Fancy Hdkfs, Linens, Lawns, Cambrics, Muslins, Bishop Lawns, Corded Cambrics, Laces, Edgings, Insertings, Wos'd Blond, Cravats, Lace Veils, White Gauze Flannels, Diapers, Crash, Cottons, &c. &c.—all of which will be freely shown and offered at the above corresponding low prices by
CALVIN HOSMER,
No. 73, Hanover, corner of Marshall-st. Boston.
april 4 6m

BLEACHED AND BROWN
AMERICAN COTTONS.
ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—
Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochero Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do
With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.
Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do
with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.
Bleached and Brown Drillings.
Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.
Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.
The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

RICH SILKS.
JAMES C. WHITE, 29, Hanover-street, has selected a prime assortment of Rich Silks, fig'd, plaid and plain, blk and choice colours; Bishop Lawns; Muslins; Cambrics; Ginghams; a superior article of Gloves; white and bro. cotton Hosiery, from 12½ cts to 6s per pair. An assortment of Newburyport Hosiery, a very desirable and scarce article. Rich blonde gauze Veils; Foulard Hdkfs; Merino Shawls; printed Lawn and Cambrics, for summer dresses; rich English and French Prints; Linen Damask and Damask Cloths; Thread and Cambric Edgings and Insertings; dark Calicoes, for sixpence a yard. 5t may 2

BUTLER'S
EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,
FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of, the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strenght, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing it unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist London.
Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE,* American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

NEW BOOKS.
COMBE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN—Revised edition. In press, and will soon be for sale by Marsh, Capen & Lyon, the edition of The Constitution of Man in relation to external objects, by Geo. Combe, materially revised and enlarged.
Voyage of the United States Frigate Potomac, under the command of Commodore John Downes, during the circumnavigation of the globe, in the years 1831, 1832, 1833, and 1834; including a particular account of the engagement at Quallah Battoo, on the Coast of Sumatra; with all the official documents relating to the same. By J. N. Reynolds, illustrated by several engravings.
The Crayon Miscellany. By the author of the Sketch Book. No. 2. Containing Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey.
Family Religion. The Importance of Family Religion with a selection of Hymns and Prayers adapted to family worship, and Tables for the regular reading of the scriptures, By Rev. S. G. Winchester, A. M.
Black Beard: A Page from the Colonial History of Philadelphia. Two vols 12mo.
The Mount Vernon Reader. By the Messrs Abbott.
Japhet in search of a Father. By the author of Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, &c.
The Two Friends. A Novel, by the Countess of Blessington. In 2 vols.
The Conquest of Florida—by Hernando de Soto. By Theodore Irving. In 2 vols.
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. june 6

NANKIN AND CANTON
STRAW CARPETING.
ELIAB STONE BREWER, No. 414, Washington-street, has constantly on hand a large assortment of Straw Carpeting of various qualities and widths, among which are—
2500 yards Superfine Nankin, 6-4
2000 do do do 5-4
3500 do Canton do 6-4
4500 do do do 5-4
1 case German Table Matts, a new and superfine article. 4mis march 28

EXTRA PAINT AND
VARNISH BRUSHES,
OF superior quality, manufactured on a new plan, with handles warranted fast. For sale by J. J. ADAMS, Brush Manufacturer, No. 15, Exchange st.

VARNISH AND GLUE
BRUSHES.
BRASS Handled, Varnish and Glue Brushes, used also by India Rubber Manufacturers, made without Cement, and warranted to stand in any composition. Manufactured only by J. J. ADAMS, No 15 Exchange-street.
april 4 3w

STOCK FRAMES,
BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

LADIES FRENCH SHOES.
1 CASE *FRENCH SHOES,* 'Joly's' manufacture, (a superior article) containing Lace Morocco Walking Pumps; blk Morocco Kid and Satin Slips, bronze and other colors.
Also, one Case do do 'Eato's' manufacture.
The above together with a good assortment of Ladies, Misses' and Children's *SHOES,* of every description, are offered for sale on the best terms, by
WILLIAM F. HAYNES,
march 28 eptf 246, Washington street.

PAPER HANGINGS
MANUFACTORY,
No. 403, Washington street—entrance in Fayette Court.
HENRY WOOD, Paper-Hanger and Paper-Stainer, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to keep a good assortment of Paper Hangings of his own manufacture, of the newest and most fashionable styles, which he will warrant to be of as good workmanship and durable colors as any in the market.—He has just finished a variety of new patterns, which he will sell very low for cash.
Those in the country trade would do well to call at this establishment, where they will find an excellent assortment of the middling and low priced Satin Papers, besides a great variety of patterns, which can be made up to order at a few days notice.
H. W. would also inform the builders and holders of real estate in Boston and its vicinity, that he will contract to hang paper, or furnish paper and hang the same by the job, or by the roll, and he pledges himself to give satisfaction, or receive nothing for his services.
Persons wanting any thing in his line, and finding it inconvenient to call at his manufactory, will meet with prompt attention by leaving an order in his order box, at the Mechanics' business room, or at his house, No. 5, Graphic Court.
N. B. Patterns sent for selection to any part of the city. march 28

INDIA RUBBER WATER
PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.
NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.
THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth,* of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets, Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.
MANUFACTURED ARTICLES
Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons; Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes; Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.
Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needleholes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.
There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.
Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth
Samples can be examined as above.
☞Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.
august 9 tf

MUSTARD.
WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Annstreet, Boston.
N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.
Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.
nov 1 ly

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve it, especially to make it *useful,* shall be constantly introduced. *Juvenile Music* is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis.*
The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hertford and Boston, among those who have given their signatures to "the full approbation of this work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.
John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Rossel Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.
Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos. in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 8th st. Select School.
C D Cleveland, Select High School.
Rev Sam'l A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delancy, D D.

NEW-YORK.
Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin. Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Cha's Anthon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schroeder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church.
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
John McVickar, D D, Prof Mor Phil'y Columbia College.
Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Cobb, Author of several valuable School Books.

HARTFORD.
Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Knox, Prin Central School.
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.
Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
Edward Reynolds, M D. John Randall, M D.
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W F Emerson, author of several popular School Books.
Samuel Barrett, Prin Adam's School. J Fairbanks, Writing Master.
Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
P Mackintosh, Jr Writing Master, Hancock st.
Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sel't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Chs K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M. D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.
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may 2

MISCELLANY.

From the Sunday Morning News.

NAHANT.

I greet thee once again, Atlantic sea!
Oft have I wander'd on thy rugged shore,
[illegible] the [illegible] has bid the vapours flee,
And stay'd to listen to thy waters roar;
Or wander'd on in sadness silently,
Marking the time the passing sunbeams wore;
Or idly musing, pick'd the pebbly sand,
Or cull'd the sea-weed on thy lonely strand.

Oft in the bounds of some giant rock,
That dares the storm, and scorns the tempest wrath,
But cannot brave the long continued shock
Of endless waters—here I chose my path.
And sometimes sat beneath the roofs that mock
The hand of art. Where is the man that hath
Once seen these wave-worn monuments of thee,
Who loves not ocean's boundless majesty!

Oft, too, Helena wandered with me there—
And then, indeed, the caves, and strand, and sea,
And every earthly thing seem'd fresh and fair,
For she was every earthly thing to me;
Yes, she was what the youthful bard would dare
To call an angel or divinity;
She's gone!—but think not, reader, to the tomb:
She ran off lately with her father's groom!

EMIGRATION.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I know of nothing in the world so distressing as the last sight of a fine, industrious, independent peasantry taking the last look of their native country, never to behold it more. I have witnessed several of these scenes now, and I wish I may never witness another; for each of them has made tears burst every now and then into my eyes for days and nights, and all the while in that mood of mind that I could think about nothing else. I saw the children all in high spirits, playing together and amusing themselves with trifles; and I wondered if those dear innocents, in after life, would remember any thing at all of the land of their nativity.—They felt no regret, for they knew that they had no home but where their parents were, no staff or stay but on them. They were beside them, attended to all their little wants, and they were happy. How different the looks of the parents? They looked backward toward their native mountains and glades with the most rueful expression of countenance. These looks can never be cancelled from my heart; and I noted always, that the older the men were, their looks were the more regretful and desolate. They thought, without doubt, of the tombs of their parents and friends whose heads they had laid in an honoured grave, and that, after a few years of the toil and weariness collateral with old age, they were going to lay down their bones in a new world, a far distant clime never to mix their ashes with those that were dearest to them. Alas! the days are gone that I have seen! It is long since emigration from the Highlands commenced; for, when clanship was abolished as far as government edicts could abolish it, the poor Highlanders were obliged to emigrate. But never till now did the brave and intelligent Borderers rush from their native country, all with symptoms of reckless despair. It is most deplorable. The whole of our most valuable peasantry and operative manufacturers are leaving us. All who have made a little money to freight them over the Atlantic, and procure them a settlement in America, Van Dieman's Land, or New South Wales, are hurrying from us as from a place infected with the plague. Every day the desire to emigrate increases, both in amount and intensity; in some parts of the country the movement is taking place to an immense extent. In the industrious village of Galashiels, fifty-two are already booked for transportation. In the town of Hawick, and its subordinate villages, are double that number. My own brethren, sisters, nephews, and nieces, are all going away; and if I were not the very individual that I am, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much indentified with Scotland and Ettrick Forest, that though I must die as I have lived, I cannot leave them.

But the little affecting story I set out with the purpose of telling is not begun yet. I went the other year to see some particular friends on board the gallant ship, Helen Douglass, for the British settlements of America. Among the rest was Adam Haliday, a small farmer, who had lost his farm, and whom I had known intimately in my young days. He had a wife, and I think, nine sons and daughters: but his funds being short, he was obliged to leave his two oldest sons behind, until they themselves could procure the means of following him. An [illegible] was there distributing little religious tracts among the emigrants gratis, and perhaps trying to sell some of his cheap wares. The captain and he and Mr. Nicholson, the owner of the vessel, myself and some others, were standing around the father and sons, when the following interesting dialogue took place,—

"Now, Aidie, my man, ye're to behave yoursel, and no be like a woman and greet. I canna bide to see the tears comin' papplin' ower thae manly young cheeks; for though you an' Jamie wad hae been my riches, my strength, an' shie'd in America, in helpin' me to clear my farm, it is out o' my power to take ye wi' me just now.—Therefore, be good lads, an' mind the things that's good. Read your Bibles, tell aye the truth, an' be obedient to your masters; an' the next year, or the next again, you will be able to join your mother an' the bairns an' me, an we'll a' work thegither to ane anither's hands."

"I dinna want to gang, father," said Adam, "until I can bring something wi' me to help you. I ken weel how you are circumstanced, an' how ye hae been screwed at hame. But if there's siller to be made in Scotland in an honest way, Jamie an' me will join you in a year or twa wi' something that will do ye good."

By this time poor little James's heart was like to burst with crying. He was a fine boy about fourteen. His father went to comfort him, but he made matters only the worse. "Hout, Jamie, dinna greet that gate, man, for a thing that canna be helpit," said he. "Ye ken how weel I wad hae likit to hae had ye wi' me, for the leaving ye is takin' the pith out o' my arm. But it's out o' my power to take ye just now; for, as it is, afore I win to the settlement, I'll no hae a siller sixpence. But ye're young an' healthy an' stout, an' gin ye be a good lad, wi' the blessing o' God, ye'll soon be able to join your auld father an' mother, an' help them."

"But since friends are partit, an' the half o' the globe atween them, there's but a sma' chance that they ever meet again," said poor James, with the most disconsolate look. "I wad hae likit to hae gane wi' ye, an' helpit ye, an' wrought wi' ye an' leev'd an' dee'd wi' ye! It's an awfu' thing to be left in a country where ane has nae hame to gang to whatever befa' him."

The old man burst into tears. He saw the prospect of helpless desolation, that preyed on his boy's heart, in the event of his being laid on a bed of sickness; but he had no resource. The boat came to the quay, in which they were about to step; but word came with her that the vessel could not sail before high tide to-morrow; so the family got one other night to spend together, at which they seemed excessively happy, though lodged in a hayloft.

Having resolved to sail with the Helen Douglass as far as the Point of Cumberland, I attended the next day at the quay, where a great number of persons were assembled to take farewell of their friends. There were four boats lying ready to take the emigrants on board.—The two brothers embraced their parents and sisters, and were just parting, rather decently, when the captain, stepping out of a handsome boat, said to Haliday, "Sir, your two sons are entered as passengers with me, so you need not be in such a hurry in taking farewell of them."

"Entered as passengers!" said Haliday; "why the poor fellows hae na left themsels a boddle in hulpin' to fit out their mother an' me; how can they enter themsels as passengers?"

"They are entered, however," said the captain, "and both their fare and board paid for to Montreal, from which place you can easily reach your destination, but if any more is required, I am authorised to advance that likewise."

"An' wha is the generous friend that has done this!" cried Haliday, in raptures, the tears streaming from his eyes. "He has strengthened my arms, and encouraged my heart, and rendered me an independent man—at once, tell me wha is the kind good man?—was it Mr. Hogg?"

The captain shook his head. "I am debarred from telling you Mr. Haliday," said he; "let it suffice that the young men are franked to Montreal. Here are both their tickets, and there are their names registered as paid."

"I winna set my fit aff the coast o' Scotland, sir," said Haliday, "until I ken wha has done this generous deed. If he should never be paid mair, he can be aye the waur o' an auld man's prayers night and morning; no, I winna set a fit into a boat—I winna leave the shores o' auld Scotland till I ken wha my benefactor is. Can I gang awa without knowing wha the friend is that has rendered me the greatest service ever conferred on me sin' I was born! Na, na! I canna captain: sae ye may just as weel tell me at ance."

"Then, since I must tell you, I must," said the captain; "it was no other than that old packman with the ragged coat."

"God bless him! God bless him!" [illegible] from every tongue that was present. The [illegible] of the young men was first at the old pedlar, and clasping her hands about his neck, she kissed him again and again, [illegible] some resistance. Old Haliday [illegible] took the pedlar by both hands, and in an [illegible], mixed with tears and convulsive laughter, said, "Now, honest man, tell me your direction, for the first money that I can either win, or beg, or borrow, shall be sent to reimburse you for this. There was never sic a kindness conferred on a poor father an' mother sin' the world stood up. An' ye shall hae your money, good auld Christian—ye shall hae your siller!" exclaimed both of the young lads.

"Na, na, Aidie Haliday, ay nae mair about the payment just now," said the pedlar, "I'ye hae mae, I had sundry verra strong motives for this: in the first place, I saw that you *could not* do without the lads; an' mair than that, I am coming up among my countrymen about New Dumfries an' Loch Eiry, to vend my wares for a year or twa, an' I wanted to hae a house at any rate where I wad be sure o' a night's quarters. I'll no for my siller, Aidie, an' I'm sure to get it, or value for't; an' if I dinna ca' for't be sure never to send it. It wad be lost by the way, for there's never ony siller reaches this free America."

I never envied any man's feelings more than I did the old pedlar's that day when all the grateful family were hanging around him, and every eye turned on him with admiration.

The Dutchman and his Thousand Dollar Bill. Away back in the state of New York lives a Dutch farmer, well to do in the world, who always keeps by him a thousand dollar bill. With this bill in his pocket, and a shabby coat on his back, he prides himself on playing tricks with strangers—particularly such country merchants as have recently commenced business in the neighborhood, and are not acquainted with his pecuniary circumstances.

As an instance of this kind, he went lately to a new merchant, with his clothes all in rags, his toes sticking out through his shoes, his hat without a crown, and his beard a fortnight old, and ordered a few dollars worth of goods. The merchant stared at him; but as there could be no great hazard in laying out the articles for him, none of which were to be cut, he executed the command. When the goods were ready, the merchant stared still more to hear his scurvy looking customer ask him to charge them.

"Charge them?" exclaimed the man of merchandize—ha, ha, ha! we're not in the habit of charging our goods to every body. We keep a sharp look-out for breakers."

"Won't you charge 'em, den?"

"Not to you, I thank you. you must have a better coat on your back to expect credit from us."

"Den if you wont charge 'em," said the Dutchman with great moderation, "I must dry and pay you for for 'em down, if so be, supposin I can muster money enough." Then taking a thousand dollar bill from his pocket, he extended it to the merchant, with a sly leer on his face, and said, "Will you change dat?"

"That—what! a thousand dollar bill! Is it possible that—that a man of your appearance—"

"Wat, Mishter, be's you scar't ha? Did you nefer seen a thousand dollar bill afore?"

"A man of your appearance!" continued the merchant, in his astonishment, "with a thousand dollar bill! I could have sworn—"

"None o' your tam'dt shwearin here, if you please, Mishter—but give me my change, dat I may be off to mine farm again."

"Off to your farm! A thousand dollar bill!—Who are you, if I may be so bold?"

"Who be's I? Wy, dont you know your own neighbors, man? My name is Fritze Van Vogler—a poor farmer, mit no more as one tousand acres of landt, and dis shmall bill in mine pocket, dat was—so if you'll change it, and let me be gone, I'll dank you."

"Change it? Lord, sir! where should I get money, of a morning, to change a thousand dollar bill?"

"Den wat shall I do, misther? You wont drust me, nor you wont change mine tousand dollar bill?"

"Trust you! Mr. Van Vogler—that I will, to the amount of a thousand dollars, if you wish. You did'nt suppose I was afraid to trust you, did you?" said the merchant, growing very complaisant,

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared the Dutchman, as loud as he could laugh—"you begins to haul in your horns a little, does you? Shtrange wat wonders a shmall tousan dollar bill will work in a man's goot opinion!

So you'll drust me now, will you?"

"Certainly, certainly, sir."

"No, I'll be dam'dt if you shall—if so be, supposin I can find silfer enough in mine pocket to bay you."—As he said this, the Duchman hauled out an old stocking full of dollars, paid for the goods, and giving another hearty haw, haw haw! at the astonishment and sudden change of opinion of the merchant, departed.—*N. Y. Trans.*

The Age of Wonders. 'The age of *Gold*' has passed; ay, in spite of all that was said about mint-drops and yellow jackets, so have the middle ages;' and 'the *dark age*' this cannot be called since the use of gas is becoming daily more prevalent. The fits and *starts* of the balloon-mania might suggest the title of the 'age of *inflation*;' (so might the style of some of our authors;) but then the aerostatic fit is temporary, the works of the authors ephemeral; so we cannot take this title for the age we live in. The conduct of certain persons—who shall be nameless—might suggest the appellation of the age of *brass* or *bronze*; but we will not call the age after such *unworthies*. The age of *steam* were better; but then, that would describe but one class of the wonders of the age. Surely had Solomon lived in these our days, he would not have set it down as an axiom that there is nothing *new* under the Sun. As we understand the term, there is something *new* every day; *wonders* are so common, that it might almost be said, they have ceased to be *wonders*. A thousand might be specified; drawn from all the arts, all the sciences; from the *four* elements: (Heaven knows, it may be discovered, before to-morrow, that there are *five*.) The only proper designation, then, is the 'Age of Wonders!' We close with the *wonder* which is narrated in the following pedagogical notice, in a late Paris paper:

'The French Language *taught on a new method*, which saves the pupil the *trouble of using Grammar or Dictionary* [!] and enables him after 3 or 4 months to speak with facility. Apply to J. Adolphe, No. 129, rue Montmatre, opposite Marche St. Joseph.'

Shades of Priscian! of Lowth! of Lindley Murray! of Harris! Horne Tooke! Dr. Johnson! and Dr. Webster! A language taught in three or four months, and 'spoken with facilty' without the trouble of either buying or opening a grammar or dictionary! What painful reminiscences of the tedious pencil-marked lesson, the ferule, the birch, (ay, by our troth, there grew, birch trees when we were boys,) what painful reminiscences, we say, does the perusal of such a paragraph recal! No Grammar! No dictionary! Would we were young! By the by, the fact has just come into remembrance that a school-book, under the title of the '*Anti-Spelling Book*,' was recently advertised in the London papers! Better still!

Attempt to enforce hospitality by law. The poet Shenstone, whilst waiting the preparing of a beef steak, 'a la St. Antoine,' in the parlor of a country inn, felt himself so exceedingly comfortable, that he amused himself by scratching on the panes of the window, certain stanzas, complimentary to the host and and his house. One ran somewhat after the following style:

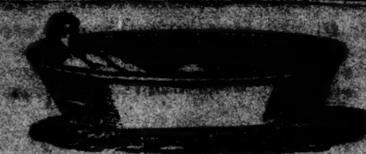
'Since I have walk'd life's dreary round.
'Neath many a varied roof I've been;
But grieve to say that I have found
The warmest welcome at an inn.'

Not so the hero who figures in the following paragraph; he was determined to be treated kindly, or else 'take it out in law.'

'At York assizes, lately, an action was brought by Mr. Hollinrake, a commercial traveller, against an innkeeper at Huddersfield, for want of due hospitality.—The plaintiff being on a journey arrived about midnight, at the house of the defendant, where nobody was up but the ostler. The plaintiff, who was accompanied by another person, desired to have a *hot supper* and a bed. The ostler told him the state of affairs, and the best that could be done was to give him some bread and cheese, and show him to a comfortable bed. With this fare the plaintiff and companion were obliged to put up; but not thinking that due hospitality was shown, he brought his action. The Judge said, an innkeeper was bound to supply his guests in a reasonable manner with what was necessary; but he did not think that he was bound to keep his servants out of their beds, all night, upon the chance of a traveller coming. After a little consideration, the plaintiff submitted to be nonsuited.—*London Herald.*

CHANCES AND CHANGES;

A Domestic Story, by the author of "Six Weeks on the Loire." In two volumes 12 mo. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st.
june 13



LADIES' BATHS.

BRAMAN'S NEW BATHS are now open for the season. Ladies' Warm, Cold, Plunging, and Shower Baths, fitted up in good style, in a separate building. Female attendants at all hours.

☞Gentlemen's Swimming School now open for the season, for those who wish to learn to swim, or bathe.
june 20 eo6w

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Galliot Vesilla, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gadiolus Natalensis, Tigridia Conchiflora, &c.
june 20

THE FAMILY BOOK,

OR, Instructions concerning all the relations of life. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.

The Youth's Letter Writer. By Mrs John Farrar. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.

Horse Shoe Robinson; a Tale of the Tory ascendancy. By the author of 'Swallow Barn.' In 2 vols. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.
june 20

COPLAND'S

MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

PART III, is announced in Bent's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season to be ready for subscribers and others in July next. S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co.
june 20

COCHRANE'S

FOREIGN Q'T'LY REVIEW.

THIS work will be added to the Republication of Blackwood and the Metropolitan Magazine, and the three furnished to subscribers for $7 per year.

The ability which has acquired for the Foreign Quarterly Review its elevated character being transferred to the new has determined us in the above selection.

Those who are subscribers to the Reprint English Quarterlies may now become subscribers to the above-named works without thus obtaining duplicates of any.
S. COLMAN, Pub. Blackwood &c. for N. E.
june 20

Compound Syrup ICELAND MOSS

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States. This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by
E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover-street.
june 20

SUPERIOR STYLE

OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.*
may 23

NEW YORK STYLE.

FINE PALM LEAF HATS.—*GEO. W. EDMANDS*, No. 40. Hanover st.,—under the American House, has just opened a large lot of Palm Leaf Hats, of a superior kind, trimmed, stiffened and shaped in the city of New York, of the latest style in that city which he will sell by the dozen or single at the lowest prices.
3t june 13

POCKET PICKED.

THE Subscriber, while passing down Washington-st between Dock Square and Milk-street, this evening had a pocket-book cut from his pocket, containing from $50 to $75. Among the money, were the following bank notes, one $10 U. S. Bank, the name Wm. Neal written on the back; two $10 notes of the bank of Brattleboro' Vt; one $5 on the Worcester Bank; and one $3 note on the Lowell Bank. The remainder was in small notes of the Brattleboro' Bank. There were also in the pocket book two notes of hand payable to John W. Neal, one of $150 signed by Holbrook & Co; the other of $50 signed by Richmond Edwards.—The pocket-book was an old red morocco one, with clasps broken off. Any person who will leave such information with Henry R. Williams, or at this office, as shall lead to the detection of the thief shall be liberally rewarded.
JOHN W. NEAL.
june 13

WATER PROOF PREMIUM GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gas Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store, No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston.
3m may 2

REFINED CIDER.

J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street, has on hand a large spring stock of prime Bottled Cider, which he offers for sale at wholesale or retail, also Bottled Porter, and Albany Ale; Meldrum's Ale, in quart and pint bottles; together with a variety of bottled Wines—all of which will be sold at low prices, and sent to any part of the city free of expense.
tf march 14

FANCY PRINTING,

CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS,
PROMPTLY EXECUTED
IN THE NEATEST STYLE AT THE
GALAXY OFFICE,
No 38 Court Street, Boston.

STEAM PACKET BANGOR,

CAPT. SAMUEL H. HOWES.

BOSTON, PORTLAND, and BANGOR. Fare from Boston to Portland, $3; from Portland to Bangor, $4, and found.

The elegant low pressure Steam Packet Bangor, Capt. Samuel H. Howes, will leave Boston every Saturday at 5 P. M. for Portland and Bangor; arrives at Portland Sunday morning; leaves Portland same morning at 7 o'clock for Bangor; touching at Owlshead, Belfast, Bucksport and Frankfort, and arrives at Bangor same evening.

Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland and Boston, Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock; arrive at Portland same evening. Leaves Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.

For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, at 5 P. M.

From Portland for Boston, will leave every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Freight will not be received on board after 4 P. M. on the days of sailing.

This splendid Steam Packet was built by Messrs Brown & Bell, of New York, of the very best materials for strenght, equal to any in the United States. She is almost 400 tons burthen, built expressly for a sea route.

Her engine was from the Manufactory of J. P. Allaire, of New York, and has proved to be equal to any in use in this country, by constant use the whole of last season and not requiring any repairs.

In the fitting up of this Packet no expenses have been spared to contribute to the comfort or safety of passengers. She is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose; also a Fire Engine to be kept on her deck, in case of Fire to operate on any part of the boat. Five large boats, a large number of India rubber and cork Mattrasses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water.

She is rigged with fore and aft sails, in case of accident to the Engine, that can be managed as any other vessel.

Many improvements have been made during the winter, under the immediate inspection of Captain Howes. She has been on the Salem railway, and coppered. Her cabins have been lighted, several state rooms made on her main deck, and completely and thoroughly overhauled.

For passage, apply to ISAAC W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington street, at which place a plan of the cabins may be seen, and berths secured, or on board, of the Captain, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf.

☞Travellers may depend on the above arrangements being permanently made.
tf march 28

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.

For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth	$2,00
Dover	2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick	2,25

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

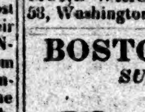
Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 58, Washington street.
may 30

BOSTON AND HINGHAM.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THREE TRIPS A-DAY.



THE Steamboat GEN'L LINCOLN, Capt Geo. Beal, will, on and after MONDAY the 8th of June, leave Hingham—6 1-2 o'clock A. M., 10 1-2 do do, 4 do P. M.—Foster's wharf, Boston—8 1-2 o'clock A. M., 12 1-2 do P. M., 6 do do. Fare 37 1-2 cents.

Carriages will be in readiness, on the arrival of the boat at Hingham, to convey passengers to any part of that and most of the neighboring towns.

Passengers by applying at the Captain's office can be conveyed to any part of the city for 12 1-2 cts.

For further particulars apply to the captain on board, to Albert Fearing & Co. No 1 City wharf, or the subscriber.
DAVID WHITON, Agent.
Hingham, June 6, 1835. 3m

FRENCH SHOES.

THE Subscriber has for the last five or six years paid considerable attention to the French Shoes of Este's make. All that have given them a fair trial give them the preference, because they wear best and do not stretch as much, and possess all of the ease and comfort that is peculiar to Este's shoes. As the foot is dependant on the form of the shoe for its good shape, misses' and children's shoes will be particularly attended too, and made by the best workmen. Now for sale—Morocco, Kid, Calf-skin, Prunella, Satin, Sateen and Bronze Kid Slippers; Morocco and Calf-skin, Grecian ties thick Soles; Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles; kid slips thick Soles; fur lined Shoes, thin and thick Soles; misses' and children's Calf-skin, Grecian ties, thick Soles; Kid, Morocco, Calf-skin and Bronze, Kid Slippers; Bronze, Green and Black, Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles. Ladies', misses' and children's Boots and Shoes made to order.
JOHN KIMBALL, 2d,
198, Tremont, 6 doors from Court-street, Boston.
march 14

NOTICE.

JOHN SIMMS respectfully informs the citizens of Boston and Charlestown, that he continues to manufacture the first-rate of SATIN BEAVER HATS, and keeps constantly on hand a full supply, at wholesale or retail, at No. 59, Commercial street.

☞Country dealers supplied on the most liberal terms, for cash or approved credit.

*** JOHN SIMMS obtained the premium awarded by the American Institute in New York, at the last annual Fair, for the best Drab Satin Beaver Hat.
3m april 18

SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bristles STOCKS, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st.
june 6

WILLIAM ULMAN, AGENT,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURER, and dealer in FANCY ARTICLES, 232, Washington street—six doors south of Summer-street, Boston.

WILLIAM ULMAN, having a *BINDERY*, will devote his attention to binding New and Old Books of every description, at the lowest prices.

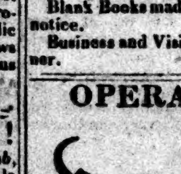
Particular care given to binding Music, gentlemen's Libraries, Newspapers, Periodicals and Pamphlets, &c.

Portfolios made to order. Paper ruled to any pattern. Printing and Engraving neatly executed.

Blank Books made to order, in the best style, at short notice.

Business and Visiting Cards executed in the best manner.
may 23

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.



DR B. T. PRESCOTT respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is prepared to attend to all branches of DENTAL SURGERY, at his place, corner of Hanover and Portland streets, Boston—viz—Carious Teeth cleansed, filled and rendered equally useful as before decayed.

INCORRUPTIBLE, or PORCELAIN TEETH, in addition to all other artificial Teeth now in use, will be inserted from one to a full set, in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

Particular attention paid to the regulation of children's teeth.
feb 28 3m

NEW STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city. Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by
RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B; Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.
feb 14 tf

NEW BOOKS.

THE PHENIX—A collection of old and new fragments.

The Complete Farmer. By Thomas G. Fessenden.

Memoir of Swartz. By Hugh Pearson, D. D.

Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity.

Barnes' Notes on the Acts, Vol. 2.

Esther—A religious narrative, with an original poem, by H. F. Gould.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133, Washington street.
may 18

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited.
S. COLMAN,
Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.
may 2

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

SAMUEL G. BISHOP respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken Store No 172 Washington street, (formerly occupied by Cushman Bacon & Co.) where he intends keeping a prime assortment of Boots and Shoes, of all descriptions; and will also manufacture to measure, ladies' Shoes, of the best workmanship and style. He hopes by strict personal attention to his business to gain a share of public patronage, and particularly of the customers of the old stand.
2t june 20

LANDS IN ROXBURY.

FOR SALE—House and Garden Lots, on very liberal terms; they are situated near the Rev. Mr. Putnam's meeting house, and known by the name of the "Porter Purchase." Between twenty and thirty acres have been laid out into lots of from 3000 to 20,000 feet, suitable for buildings of any class, and surpassed by none in the vicinity of Boston, for beauty of prospect, healthful air, excellence of water, and every convenience in relation to churches, schools, markets, hourly coaches, &c. &c. The roads are laying out, one of which reaches from Dedham turnpike to Centre street, and presents a great variety of pleasing positions. Any persons wishing to select Cottage and Garden Lots, at reasonable prices, will have an opportunity to do so any time previous to the 6th of June, when those not taken up will be sold at auction. For particulars and terms, to suit, apply to either of the subscribers.
JONA. DORR,
ALVAH KITTRIDGE,
NATH'L DORR,
may 30 PETER WAINWRIGHT.

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston.
april 25

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 37 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

NEW BOOKS.

A PICTURE OF POPERY—or a concise account of the errors, usurpations, and ceremonies of the Romish Church. By a friend of religious truth.

The Biography of a Bottle. By a friend of temperance.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street.
may 30

WIGHT'S

LASTS & BOOT-TREES.

THE Subscriber informs the public, that he manufactures and has for sale, *LASTS AND BOOT-TREES*, of the best patterns, at No. 30, Fulton-street, (at the sign of the GOLDEN LAST.) All his Lasts and Boot Trees will be manufactured in the best style, and of seasoned stock, under the superintendence of his father CHARLES WIGHT—the patronage of whose former friends and custo mersis respectfully solicited.
may 30 ADAMS WIGHT.

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.
april 4

SIX MONTHS IN A

HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

B. B. MUSSEY has now in press, and will publish in four weeks, a Narrative of Six Months in a House of Correction, by Miss Dorah Mahoney,—with reminiscences of her adventures in the United States.

Note—Though the Committee of Publication of this little work, may at all times be found ready to seal their holy religion with their blood, if necessary, the publisher thinks it his duty to stand between them and the consuming heat of popular bigotry. He therefore announces that the sufferings of Dorah Mahoney are set forth in the following pages on his sole responsibility.

N. B. Publishers of newspapers who will publish the above, and send a copy of the paper containing the advertisement to the New England Galaxy Office, shall receive a copy of the work.
tf may 9

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞A large discount made for cash. april 4

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

367, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
may 30

RAZORS HONED, &C,

TO GENTLEMEN WHO SHAVE THEMSELVES. Razors honed and warranted to cut as well as new. Also, particular attention paid to honing penknives. Handles put to Razors at the subscriber's Hair Cutting Room, Bromfield street, adjoining the Bromfield House.
may 9 5t J. H. GRUSH, Jr.

CARAGEEN, OR IRISH MOSS.

4 CRATES of this much valued article, received direct from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & Co. No 28 GRANITE STORE, Commercial Wharf, in parcels to suit purchasers.
6m feb21

CLOTHING.

200 DRESS COATS.
1200 pairs PANTS.
1000 VESTS;
170 SURTOUTS and OVERCOATS
60 JACKETS.

For sale by ISAAC OSGOOD, 31 Dock Square,

☞Where is for sale a prime assortment of first rate *CLOTHS, CASSIMERES* and *VESTINGS*. Garments made to order in best style.
tf sept 20

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent supporation in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever, when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass,) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.)
dec 13

TABLE D'HOTE

AT THE HOWARD STREET HOUSE.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that in addition to his Coffee Room he has fitted up a large Dining Hall, where he intends, for the Summer months, to keep an Ordinary for the accommodation of those gentlemen who may be pleased to extend to him their patronage. Dinner will be served at quarter past 2 o'clock precisely, and the table furnished with all the luxuries of the season. Wines of the very best quality, and of every description, can always be had.

The situation being one of the most airy and retired in the city, the subscriber has been induced to make the above arrangement, believing that gentlemen living in the vicinity, will find his establishment one of the most pleasant in warm weather. Gentlemen wishing to dine at any particular hour, can be accommodated at the Restaurateur.
june 13 5w JAMES RYAN.

MRS. GRISWOLD'S

SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of MR. HENRY WELD, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same) at his Store, No. 283, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts, and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.
april 4 3m

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and these good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted. The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians. Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shakers do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath streets
6m april 25

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Compound Fluid, Extract of SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparilla, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, [illegible]
june [illegible]

MAN'S GREATEST AN[D]

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much search and experiment, occasioned by unusual suffering from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been with me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines, and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly efficacious in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellence. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon. John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public:

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained an unblemished reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.
JOHN W. TAYLOR.
Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach.
S. YOUNG.
Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.
JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.
ANN POWEL.
Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.
april 18 ly

CHEMICAL

EMBROCATION,

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.

Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States, who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion. Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. [illegible] 50 cts and 25 cts.